'The War Illustrated,' June 6th, 1941

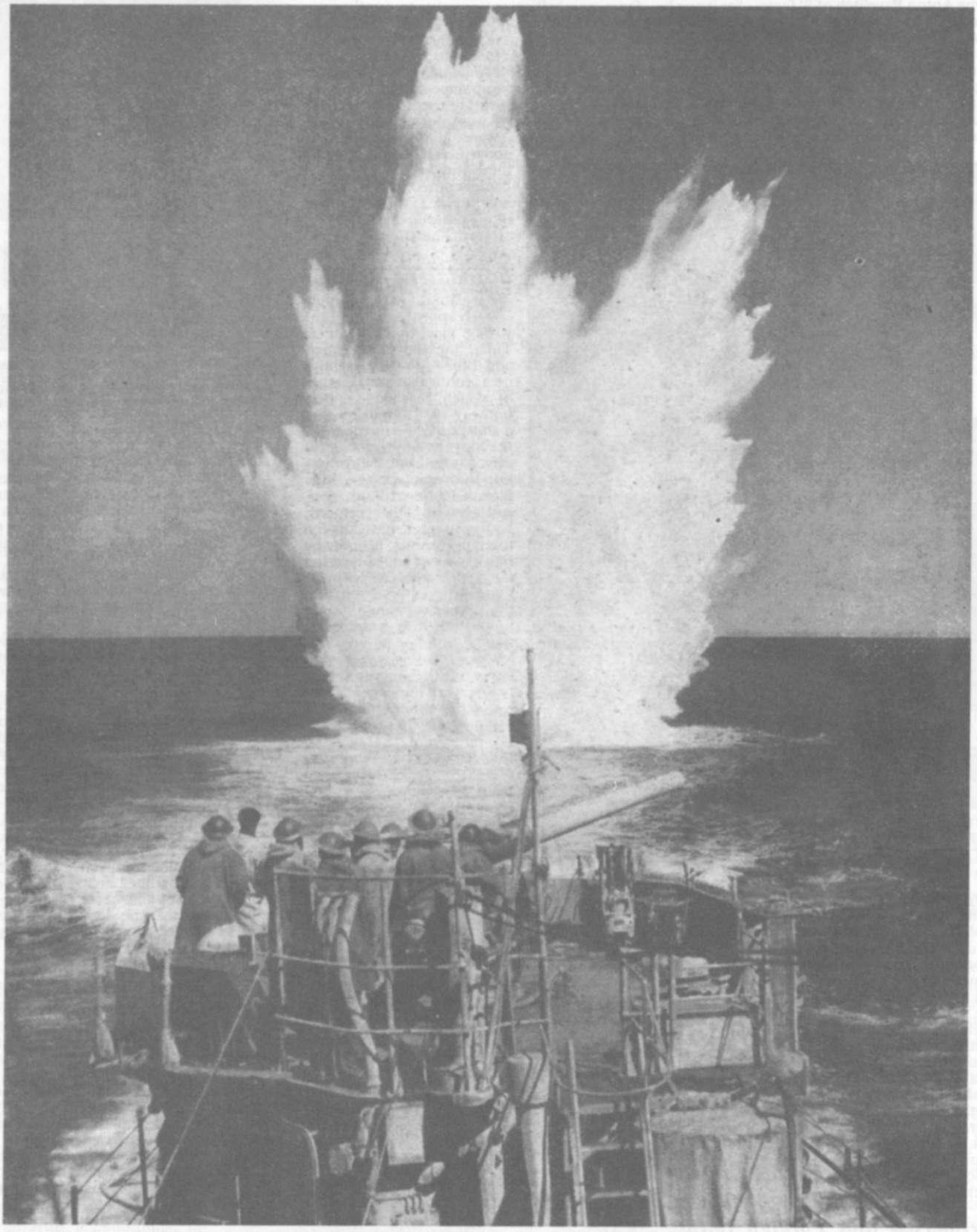
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

Vol 4 **The War Illustrated** N° 92

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

FOURPENCE

WEEKLY



A DEPTH-CHARGE has just been hurled overboard from this ex-American destroyer, a German submarine being in the vicinity. The depth-charge is one of our most formidable weapons in the Atlantic battle. It can be detonated at a predetermined depth of 20, 100 or 200 feet, and can exert such pressure on the submerged vessel as to crush it. Its shock can open seams and paralyse a U-boat at a considerable distance from the scene of the explosion.

Photo, Fox

Our Searchlight on the War

Axis King of Croatia

THE new Italian puppet state of Croatia has been offered to the Crown as a sort of consolation prize for the loss of Abyssinia. Heading a delegation to Rome came Anton Pavelitch of ill fame—for it was he who was tried by default and condemned to death for the murder in 1934 of King Alexander of Yugoslavia—and made formal request that King Victor Emmanuel should select a ruler for Croatia. The royal choice fell upon the Duke of Spoleto, younger brother of the Duke of Aosta and second cousin to the King himself, and he was duly proclaimed king on May 18. After this ceremony, which was held in the throne-room of the Quirinal, the Croat Quisling was presented to Mussolini, and later a political and economic pact was signed. "The Italian Government and nation," thundered Mussolini at a banquet afterwards, "cordially greet the restoration of the kingdom of Zvonimir (King of Croatia in the 11th century). The dynastic links between Italy and Croatia will create a solidarity between the two countries." That same day the Duke of Aosta, surrounded by his exhausted and half-starved troops at Amba Alagi, accepted the British terms of surrender. But Mussolini feels that what he has lost upon the roundabouts he has gained upon the swings—even though, as some reports suggest, he may also lose Trieste to Hitler as a "free (German) port."

THE DUKE OF SPOLETO, Hitler's latest puppet, has been appointed King of Croatia, which formed part of Yugoslavia. He is a second cousin of the King of Italy and brother of the Duke of Aosta. This photograph was taken at his marriage to Princess Irene, sister of King George of Greece. *Photo, Keystone*

America and Foreign Ships

U.S.A. Senate passed the Ship Seizure Bill on May 15 by 59 votes to 20. By this Bill the Government is empowered to take over by purchase, charter, requisition or condemnation any or all of the foreign vessels now lying in American harbours. There are some eighty of these, of which two are German and twenty-eight Italian. An amendment put forward to prohibit the President from transferring any such vessels from one belligerent country to another was defeated by a vote of 43 to 38. That same night the coastguard, under orders from the Treasury, took into protective custody the 83,423-ton liner Normandie, which has been in New York harbour since August 28, 1940, and twelve French cargo vessels in American ports. These ships were not actually seized, and their crews were allowed to remain aboard, as it was not thought there was any risk of their being scuttled. French ships now at sea will be taken into custody when they arrive in port.

Scandal in Slovakia

VANISHING jewels which reappeared in the wrong place have involved Tuka, the Slovak Premier, and other Slovak Quislings in a political scandal, news of which reached London on May 19. It appears that a short time ago members of the Slovak Government received mysterious information that high officials of the Slovak National Bank, conspiring with other persons, had smuggled part of the foreign currency held at the Bank to London, to help the Czechoslovak Government there. Upon investigation by the Bratislava police it was found that the currency was intact, but that valuable jewels, forming part of the cover of the national currency, were missing. These jewels had been collected when the Slovak State was set up in 1939; some had been given voluntarily, others were expropriated from the Jews. Since no trace of them could be discovered twenty-one high officials of the National Bank and thirty-nine other prominent citizens of Bratislava were taken into custody. Then came a startling development. Women members of the families of Cabinet Ministers were observed to be wearing some of the jewels. Among them were Mme. Tuka and Mme. Mach, wife of the Minister of Propaganda. At this point the report stops short. A member of the Czechoslovak Government in London stated that they had not received a farthing from the Slovak National Bank.

CIVILIAN LOSSES IN THE AIR BATTLE OF BRITAIN

Casualties for 8 Months

	Killed	Injured	Total
Sept. 1940 ...	6,954	10,615	17,569
Oct.	6,334	8,695	15,029
Nov.	4,588	6,202	10,790
Dec.	3,793	5,044	8,837
Jan. 1941	1,502	2,012	3,514
Feb.	789	1,068	1,857
March	4,259	5,557	9,816
April	6,065	6,926	12,991
Totals	34,284	46,119	80,403

Of the 6,065 **killed in April** (third highest total of the Air War): Men, 2,912; Women, 2,418; Under 16, 680; Unclassified, 55. Missing (in addition), 61.

LONDON'S WAR WEAPONS WEEK, which ended on May 24, was a huge success. An A.T.S. officer standing beside an imitation bomb mounted on a car in Westminster. *Photo, Wide World*

London's Answer to Hitler

SIXTY-TWO local savings committees co-operated in the Greater London War Weapons Week, inaugurated on Saturday, May 17. Their aim was to reach a total of £100,000,000, and by May 22 this sum had already been subscribed, so that the King's expressed wish for "an outstanding achievement" was fulfilled. The first day the president of the National Savings Committee, Lord Kindersley, and the chairman, Lord Mottistone, inspected a long procession of decorated vehicles which had come to Constitution Hill from all parts of Greater London. On Sunday massed bands of the Brigade of Guards played in Hyde Park for the first time since the outbreak of war, delighting a crowded audience assembled in the sunshine. Tanks trundled noisily along the streets, local parades of the Home Guard and other defence workers exerted the magnetic attraction of all processions, mobile cinema vans showed special films, the London Fire Brigade gave a display of fire-fighting, crashed enemy machines were on show, gaudy posters and banners enlivened the drab background of the bombed areas, and Londoners, rejoicing in even this sober bit of pageantry, queued up outside the savings centres before they were opened, eager to take their share in "hitting back" at Hitler.

Dutch Strive to Reach England

A RUMOUR that spread with incredible speed through Amsterdam that it was possible to enrol for the Dutch Legion in Britain by applying through the American Consulate, caused the Consulate to be besieged by an army of eager volunteers. All affirmed that they wanted to go to England and that this could be done by making the journey via U.S.A. The embarrassed officials, overwhelmed by sheer numbers, eventually posted the following notice on the door: "This Consulate of the United States of America is not able to give pensions to former members of the Netherlands Army under any arrangement with the authorities in London, and, further, this Consulate does not know of any possibility of persons getting to England or of the consequences which might arise from requests on this subject."

The Way of the War

WHICH OF THE ARABS ARE OUR FRIENDS?

An Analysis of the Moslem East in Ferment

NOT every Arab wears sandals and a burnous, plods the desert sand beside his camel, says farewell to his dying steed, or folds his tent and silently steals away. There are other Arabs than the poets are aware of; in the world today there are fifty millions who bear the Arab name and speak the tongue Muhammad spake. Some, it is true, roam the uncharted wastes of the Sahara and Arabia, but others—and by far the greater number—are to be found in the bazaars or on the feudal estates of the Arab world that stretches from the mountains of Morocco to the great rivers of Iraq, from Damascus, most ancient of the world's cities, to the squalid hamlets lapped by the Indian Ocean. And quite a number of them wear soft felt hats and ready-made suits and shoes of a startling brown.

Altogether they represent a very considerable chunk of present-day humanity, and what they think and what they do are matters of moment not only to themselves. Not that the Arab world has any real unity. Once it was politically one, when the successors of the Prophet ruled from Baghdad to Gibraltar; those days are long past, however. It still is bound by the common faith of Islam, but today all organized religions are in decline and Mahomedanism is no exception. Then if in Arabic it has a common language, this is true only in respect of the written form.

GREATEST of the Arab states in size but not in population is Saudi Arabia, the kingdom which Ibn Saud has erected in the heart of the Arabian peninsula. It is a vast area of 800,000 square miles, but most of it is desert and unpeopled, so that the old king—by far the greatest personality in the Arab world—rules over only some 4,500,000 tribesfolk. Here in the Hedjaz are Mecca and Medina, where the Prophet of Islam was born and buried, the holy cities of two hundred millions. When Lawrence of Arabia was organizing that revolt in the desert which became the basis of a legend and a cult, the Sherif of Mecca was Emir Hussein, a direct descendant of the Prophet. He was driven from Mecca in 1925 by Ibn Saud; but one son secured a throne, first Damascus and then Baghdad, while another, Emir Abdullah, sits by the grace of Britain on that of Transjordan. Today, for the first time for centuries, Arabia forms one great kingdom, with the exception of the sultanates of Oman and Yemen and a cluster of adjacent states enjoying a conditional independence in the south. Save for these, Arabia is the footstool of a Moslem Cromwell who has prohibited alcohol and tobacco and even coffee. In the present struggle Ibn Saud is usually ranked as a sympathizer with Britain.

Far smaller than Ibn Saud's realm, but far more populous, is the kingdom of Egypt. Young Farouk I can claim a territory less than half his in size, but his subjects number some sixteen millions. Perhaps their right to be included in the Arab fold may be contested; but if Egypt's races are mixed, she is incontestably the leading Arabic-speaking nation, her Press is the most vigorous, her people the most democratic, and she has by far the largest literate, even educated and politically-conscious class. Her sovereignty was fully recognized by the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty and Alliance of 1936. But British troops within her boundaries are a constant reminder of her inability to maintain her freedom in a world which also has to find room for dictators on the prowl.

NEXT to Egypt beyond the Canal lie Palestine and Transjordan. The one is a mandated territory, where until recently Jews strove to create a National Home in a land which nearly two thousand years ago had belonged to their fathers. Only with the outbreak of war did Zionists and Arabs stop their sniping and offer their services to the Power which, whatever its vacillations in policy, was at least ready and able to defend them against Hitler.

Transjordan is likewise mandated territory. In everything that matters this largely desert country, inhabited by some 300,000 Arabs, chiefly Beduin, is British. Emir Abdullah plays chess at Amman, but Major Glubb and his policemen are the power behind the throne.

TO the north of Transjordan is Syria, mandated to France in 1920, although the Syrian people—that is, such of them as cared for these things—agitated strongly for "complete independence, without any form of foreign interference." But words were unavailing when matched against French guns. Rebellion was crushed, but the spirit of nationalism was unsubdued. The war came before a French promise of independence had been implemented, and so today Syria is the setting of an act in the unpleasant drama of French decline.

Iraq, too, started her post-war existence as a mandate, but in 1932 it was announced that henceforth she was an independent state in alliance with Britain. With an area somewhat larger than England, she has a population about half the size of London's. Her independence is a precarious thing enough, although the rebel troops of Raschid Ali have recently put up a surprisingly strong resistance to the British; and she has few of the things that go to the making of a modern state. Iraq's whole prosperity depends on the oil which is drawn from beneath her surface; of the national revenue nearly half is received in the shape of royalties paid by the oil companies, and it is illuminating that not much more is spent on education than on police.

IBN SAUD, King of Saudi Arabia, known as "the Cromwell of the Hedjaz," was recently approached by Nâgi el Sequdi, who sought his support for the cause of Raschid Ali. To him Ibn Saud is reported to have said that if he had agreed with Raschid Ali's movement he would have supported him already *Photo, Keystone*

THIS, then, is the Arab world (but not all of it, for to complete our survey we should include the Maghreb—Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco, all under the control of France—and the Italian provinces of Libya). It is a collection of countries which are not real states, a group of peoples fumbling after a union based on a common tongue and a shared religious faith. For years it has lain stagnant; now, however, the waters are troubled by the breath of nationalism. Many there are who dream and talk of an Arabic federation which will include Arabia, Iraq, Syria, Palestine and Transjordan; of these is our old enemy the Mufti of Jerusalem. Others go further and aspire after a revived Arab Empire stretching from Morocco to the Persian Gulf. These dreamers, many of them, have been made into plotters by Nazi and Fascist gold.

E. ROYSTON PIKE

'The Superb Women of Great Britain'

Shortly before his departure for America in a Clipper plane Mr. R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, recorded a message to the British people which was broadcast as a Postscript to the news on Sunday, May 4. As will be seen from the passages reproduced below, it took the shape of an eloquent and richly deserved tribute to Britain's Womanhood.

If some questioner were to say to me quickly, "What is your outstanding impression of Britain today?" I should think of many things. I should think of Winston Churchill, the resolute and supremely eloquent embodiment of the British fighting spirit. I should think of the craft of the Royal Air Force; the boys in blue uniforms questing among the clouds or groping in the dark empyrean for the invading bomber. I should think of the factories with wounded roofs and walls, with shattered homes about them, roaring out their busy answer to the enemy. I should think of the strange new life in Tube shelters and basements, often grimy and drab, always hideously uncomfortable and dangerous—and yet a life accepted philosophically as part of the price of a just war. I should think of the men of the Fire Service toiling in a bombardment at the heart of the incendiary fire and therefore in the centre of the target. I should think of the Bomb Disposal Squads. I should even think of that frequently forgotten man, the London taxi-driver, always, as it seems, old, whiskered, casually humorous, cap on head, battered pipe in mouth, plying his humane trade while bombs fall. I should think of many things, all of them great and moving.

But my answer to the question would still unhesitatingly be: the courage, the action, the endurance of Britain's women. Wherever I go I see them and I marvel at them. Is it possible to believe that not long ago we called them "the weaker sex"? . . . Women conducting vast organizations; women in the uniform of the Navy, the Army and the Air Force; women at fire brigade stations in blue overalls, always ready; women driving great vehicles; women digging in the fields; women wielding hammers, and riveters in factories; women at their gentle work of nursing the sick soldier; women working in the hospitals in the middle of air raids; women doing their turn of fire-watching in their own suburban streets as the incendiary bombs rain down; and, last but not least, that forgotten but splendid woman, the housewife, who copes with rationing, with shortage of foodstuffs, and who not infrequently goes short herself so that her man and her children may be fed. The vast movement of women into the service of the nation, doing these things and a hundred others, is spectacular. It marks the beginning of a new era. It will usher in enormous social and other changes about which one can only speculate.

My only desire is to record. I confess myself an enthusiast about the superb women of Great Britain. And when I say that, I am not thinking of any one class. From Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, whose cheerful and brave smile has brought comfort to thousands of people the wreckage of whose homes she has visited, to the humblest women of the East End, the breed runs true. Palace and slum tenement have alike brought forth the flower of endurance. In some of the great industrial cities where many hundreds of bombs had fallen, where literally thousands of houses had been wiped out, where vast community funerals had been held and human anguish must have been supportable only because it was so widely shared, the quickest recognition and the brightest smiles were seen on the faces of toil-worn middle-aged women; the faces transformed from homeliness to a sort of radiant beauty by sheer courage.

MR. R. G. MENZIES, Prime Minister of Australia, reviewing women civil defence workers. With soldierly courage British women, from housewives to women in the various services, have taken their places in the battle line. Whatever they are doing, wherever they are, each and all are now proudly a part of the indomitable garrison of the fortress of Britain. *Photo, Sport & General*

Words Born of Bitter Experience

At Sheffield a little speech was made to me by a woman who is now a director of a large factory in which thirty years ago she was a simple unlettered manual worker. She had battled with life and knew it at close quarters. And her speech was simply this: "They may bomb our factories, they may bomb our homes. But while we have life, they can't take from us the skill of our hands or the spirit that we have in us." These were not the mock-heroics of the stage or of the platform; they were born of bitter experience of sudden and surrounding death. I thank God for such people. A few days ago I was speaking to a young professional woman. Her work—important work—occupies her all day and almost every day. I saw that she was carrying some ugly bruises. "How did you get those?" "Oh, it's nothing. I got them climbing into a house to get rid of some incendiary bombs." The "weaker sex," indeed! Three nights a week that girl serves at a fire station down in the East End where after every raid the fires rage most fiercely.

In any war factory you may see hundreds of women not merely doing the fine precision work of testing and gauging, but wielding the hammer, operating machines, riveting metal sheets; all in trousers and overalls; some slim and tall, looking like men; others not so slim, bulging too much for deception. And everywhere I heard the same story: the morning after the blitz the women are on time; they are on the job. If they have tears to shed, they shed them privately. They are among the great soldiers of this war.

The next generation in Britain may have mothers who have forgotten how to swoon at times of crisis; who no longer cling to the male as ivy clings to the wall; who commit the immodesty of wearing those hideous garments which have long been the gloomy prerogative of men; who will find no inconsistency between lipstick on the face and axle grease on the hands; who will in the cant phrase "make their Victorian grandmothers squirm in their graves"; but they will be mothers of real men.

Woman-Power in Britain's 'Finest Hour'

Two Red Cross nurses hurrying to the scene of a daylight bomb explosion. Note the practical way in which first-aid requisites are carried round the waist.

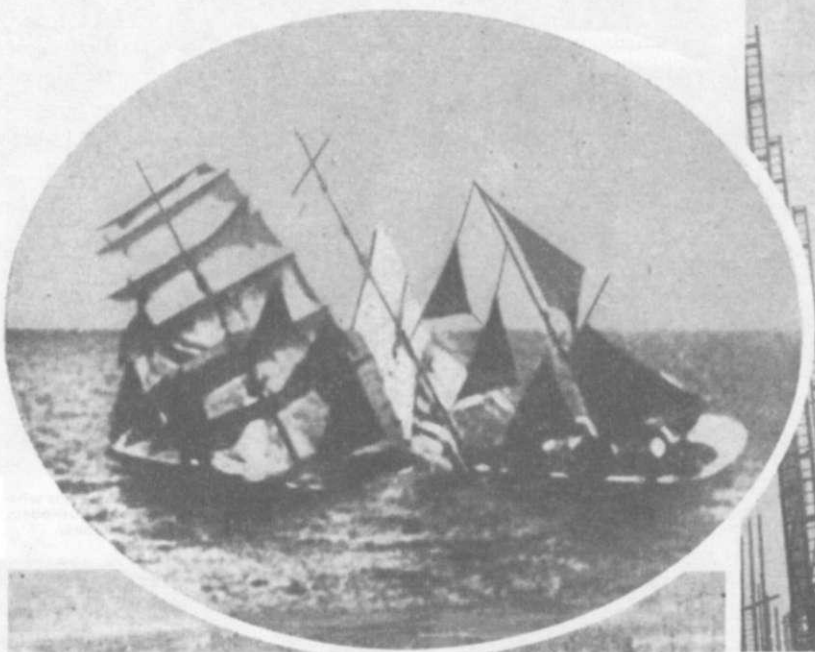
The Alert sounded, some of the A.T.S. girls who are now helping to man anti-aircraft gun-posts running to their action stations.

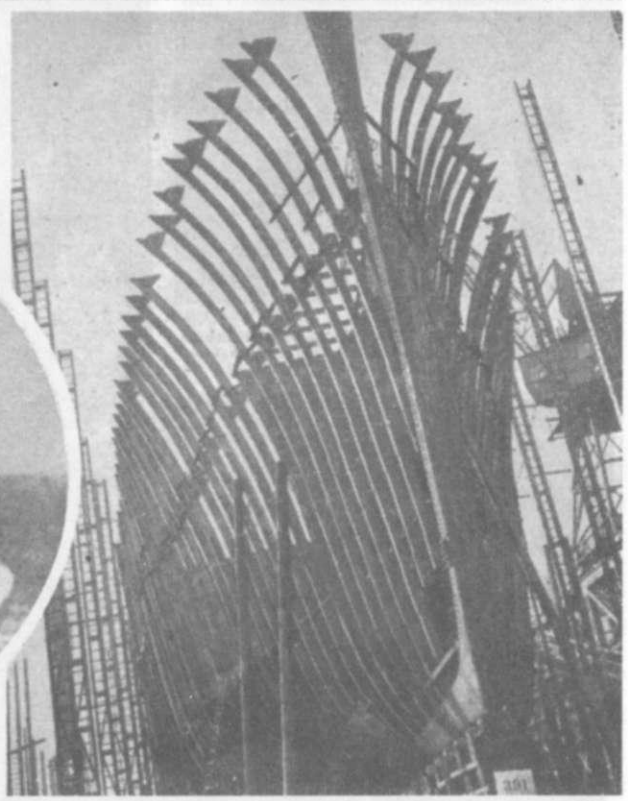
Girl cleaners are taking the place of men on London's Underground railways. Here are two in their neat dungarees keeping a train spick and span; while, on the right, the first woman to drive a Post Office mail van is seen at the wheel, with parcels for delivery

Photos, Wide World, Fox and Keystone

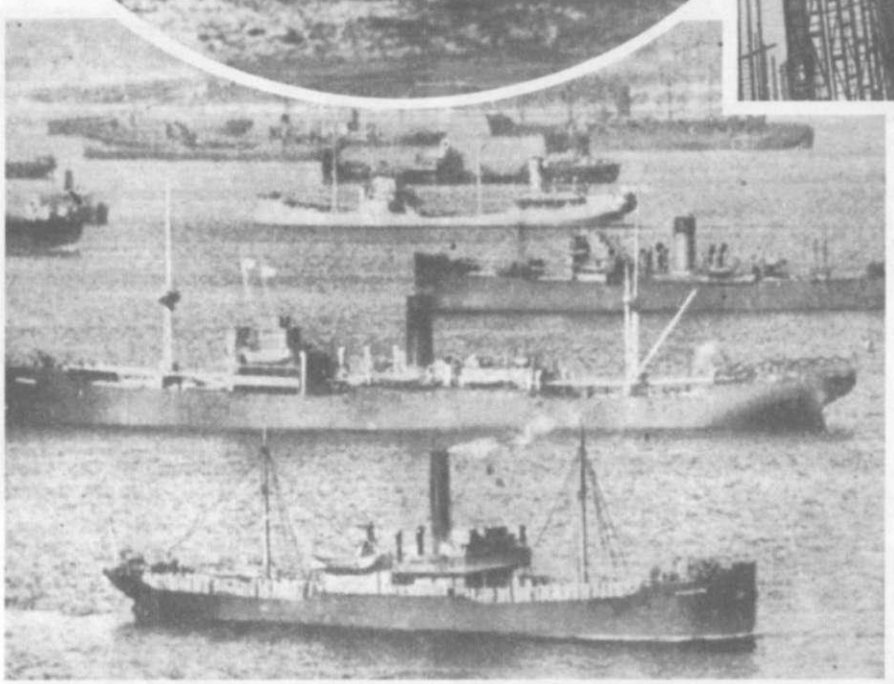
Life or Death in the Great Atlantic War

The white smoke rising over the Frisian island of Norderney indicates the destruction of three German patrol vessels after British bombers had scored direct hits on them. The Frisian Islands are a nest of U-boats.





Awaiting her clothing of steel plates, this new ship will soon be taking part in the contest. Left: an old British windjammer meets her doom in the South Atlantic.



BRITISH MERCHANTMEN destined for Britain awaiting convoy in an East Canadian port. Honour the brave men who will navigate these ships across the Atlantic in the teeth of German U-boats and aeroplanes. Right, in a cradle snatched from the deep this tiny survivor of German brutality is brought ashore at a northern port by a leading stoker from H.M.S. Hurricane.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press, Topical, and J. Hall

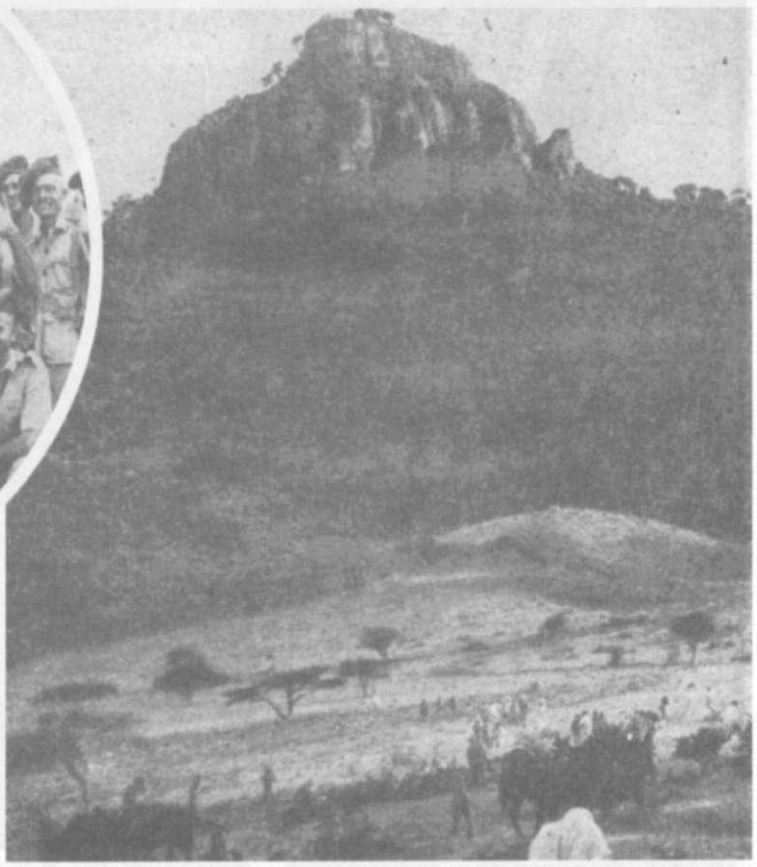
Picturesque Guardian of the Iraq Frontier

AN ARAB LEGIONARY is here on sentry duty at an R.A.F. aerodrome in Transjordan. The R.A.F. stations on the Iraq-Transjordan frontier are guarded to a large extent by the famous Arab Legion of the Emir of Transjordan. Safeguarding the Empire's interests in Transjordan are three remarkable forces—the Arab Legion, the Transjordan Frontier Force and the Desert Patrol. These forces are composed mainly of Arabs under the command of British officers, one of the most celebrated of whom is Major John Bagot Glubb (see p. 562), a mystery man of the desert who has the popular reputation of a second "Lawrence of Arabia."

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Exit 'Sawdust Caesar' from East Africa

British tank removing Mussolini's symbol of Fascism at Kismayu, Italian Somaliland. All over North and East Africa the Italian tyrant erected these signs of his perverted power. They are being "mopped up" in the so-called year XIX of the sinister Machiavellian system of Fascism.



AMBA ALAGI lies east of the Eritrean border, not far from Magdala, and this photograph gives a good idea of the harsh, rocky terrain. On the left, members of the Transvaal Regiment, the first to enter Addis Ababa, in happy fighting fettle celebrate their victory with cheers and laughter.

WITH the surrender of the Duke of Aosta at Amba Alagi on May 20 the conquest of Abyssinia by British and native soldiers is an accomplished fact. Looking at the campaign as a whole we can see how the enemy, attacked from Kenya in the south, from Mogadishu in the east, from Asmara in the north, and from Sudan in the west, were skilfully hemmed in. The British forces, under Lt.-General A. G. Cunningham and Lt.-General William Platt, carried out an ingenious plan with great courage and fortitude. The longest distance covered was 1,500 miles of most difficult terrain against an army ably commanded by the Duke of Aosta. The Italian position in East Africa, cut off from its home base, was by reason of our sea-power an unenviable one. Over 18,000 prisoners were captured in this area.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; and E.N.A.

Germans Say: 'The Drive on Suez Has Begun'

The Nazi "Drang nach Osten," which began in the Balkans, has developed into a German bid for control of the Suez Canal and the oil of Iraq. The Nazis decided to strike through Syria, but first they must drive the Allies from the important base of Crete. With the landing of German planes in Syria and the attack on Crete, Germany announced: "the drive on Suez has begun."

To avoid an attack upon Turkey, Syria is a necessary stepping-stone in Hitler's march to the Middle East, and reports that the Vichy representatives there had been helping the Germans were officially confirmed by Mr. Eden on May 15. Replying to a question in the House of Commons, he said: "Detailed information at the disposal of His Majesty's Government shows that the French authorities in Syria are allowing German aircraft to use Syrian aerodromes as staging posts for flights to Iraq. His Majesty's Government have in consequence given full authority for action to be taken against these German aircraft on Syrian aerodromes. The French Government cannot escape responsibility for this situation. Their action under German orders in permitting these flights is a clear breach of the Armistice terms and is inconsistent with undertakings given by the French Government."

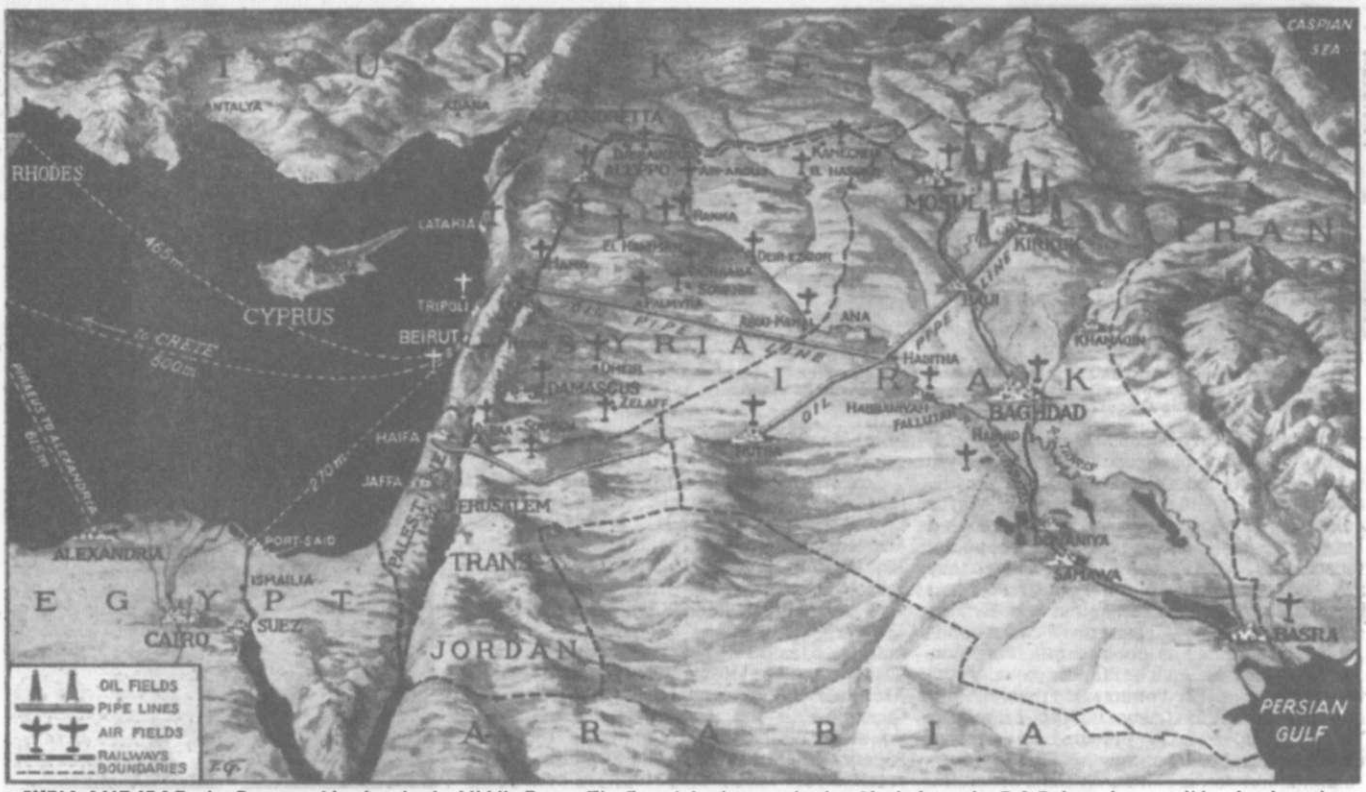
Major-Gen. B. C. Freyberg, V.C., in command of the British, New Zealand and Greek forces in Crete, which was attacked by the Nazis on May 20. *Photo, Planet News*

For once Britain acted swiftly. The next day's official communiqué from the Middle East announced that the R.A.F. had successfully attacked German planes on the Syrian aerodromes at Damascus, Rayak, east of Beirut, and Palmyra, on the Tripoli-Iraq pipe-line. As might have been expected, General Dentz, the French High Commissioner of Syria, protested vehemently over the Beirut radio against what he called "flagrant acts of hostility against France." But, as M. Maurice Dejean, head of the political and diplomatic services at the De Gaulle headquarters, rightly pointed out, General Dentz is only "another of these 'good Frenchmen' who show themselves 'good Frenchmen' by blindly obeying Marshal Pétain's orders." M. Dejean said that General Dentz was just an ordinary general who got quick promotion and failed to do much during the early part of the war. "His most brilliant feat," he added, "was when, as General in command of the Paris garrison, he handed the city to the Germans and afterwards went to have dinner—with champagne—with the German General in command of the troops of occupation."

According to reports from Damascus a large number of German bombers had landed at Damascus aerodrome and several transport planes at Rayak, while Nazi tanks and other war material were being moved across the country towards Iraq. But though it was difficult to prevent air-borne troops and material from being landed in Syria from German-occupied Greece, the Navy immediately took steps to see that Nazi reinforcements should not reach that country by sea, and new minefields were laid as far as Turkish territorial waters.

A further violent attack on the British was made by General Dentz on May 19, in which he declared, "we are prepared to meet force by force." This was countered by a vigorous appeal by General Catroux, High Commissioner for Free France in the Middle East, to all French soldiers in Syria, not to be deluded by the specious arguments of the Vichy government nor to associate themselves with a policy of premeditated treason which would cause their name to be reviled.

General de Gaulle likewise made a stirring speech from the radio station at Brazzaville, in the course of which he said: "Free Frenchmen have found the means of reforming an army, a fleet and a fighting air force, and all is not lost for a nation so long as its flag still flies over the battlefield. To all Frenchmen I declare that their duty consists in opposing those traitors who would hand over the Empire after having handed over the Motherland. In all parts of our invaded Empire Frenchmen can and should take up arms against the enemy and against every act of treason." Propaganda leaflets were dropped in large quantities by R.A.F. and Free French planes over Syria, from



SYRIA AND IRAQ, the German objectives in the Middle East. The French having connived at Nazi plans, the R.A.F. have been striking hard at the Syrian aerodromes now being used by the Germans. The diagram indicates the number and importance of these airfields, and the relative positions of Alexandria, Suez, Baghdad and Basra. Oil-fields and pipe-lines are also shown. The small map illustrates the vital strategic position of Crete in these operations. Hence the desperate efforts of the enemy to possess themselves of the island by throwing all possible resources into the fight with complete disregard for losses. The Allied forces resisting the invasion have received invaluable help from the sturdy Cretan villagers.

The 'Drang nach Osten' is Now Under Way

MAJOR J. B. GLUBB, commander of Arab forces in Transjordan, the Berlin report of whose death has been authoritatively denied, is a 44-year-old Cornishman who carries on the "Lawrence" tradition. *Photo, Planet News*

whence it has been reported that many of the rank and file of the French army are disgusted at the continual truckling to German demands.

Meanwhile, in Iraq itself the besieged garrison at Habbaniyah received fresh reinforcements by air, including men of several famous units of the Indian Army, and the situation there, as at Basra, continued calm, the former besiegers remaining for the time being on the defensive, hoping for the arrival of German reinforcements. At the moment the Nazis can send troops to Iraq only by air, and in order to cooperate successfully with Rashid Ali's army they are bound to rely to a large extent on a large-scale Arab revolt against the British. But, as the "Daily Telegraph" correspondent in Jerusalem has pointed out, one indication of Rashid Ali's failure to rally the whole body of his countrymen behind him is that the Arab tribes of the Euphrates Valley, who in every previous anti-foreign trouble have been among the fiercest participants, have so far shown no signs of joining the movement.

The town of Fallujah, to which Iraqui forces had withdrawn after being ejected from the plateau overlooking Habbaniyah aerodrome, was captured without casualties by British forces on May 19. The importance of Fallujah lies in the fact that it controls the crossing of the Euphrates to Habbaniyah, and opens the road to Baghdad.

This occupation was not left uncontested. A counter-attack by Iraqui rebels with infantry and tanks drove back our outposts and penetrated the town, but after heavy bombing by the R.A.F. British forces recaptured the position.

Irrefutable evidence in British hands shows that every move by Rashid Ali has been made with the avowed object of betraying the Moslem nations in the Middle East and their British and Indian allies into the hands of the Axis. But the British action in Iraq was strongly defended by the Nizam of Hyderabad, who, in a strongly worded manifesto, said: "I am fully convinced and wish it to be known and realized by all Moslems and others who may be interested in Iraq, that the British Government have no other desire than to maintain the most friendly relations with that kingdom, in the creation of which they took a prominent part." Nor did Rashid Ali obtain the support he had hoped for from Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia, who is said to have rebuffed him in an interview with his Finance Minister, stating that he believed the only course open to the Arab nations was to support Great Britain.

One factor which interfered with German plans for sending a full expedition to Syria was the occupation by Allied forces of the important island bases of Crete and Cyprus. When, therefore, aerial reconnaissance had established the fact that the Nazis were concentrating large bodies of troops in the Salonika area and in the Greek islands in the Aegean, it became clear that an attack on one or both of these islands was imminent.

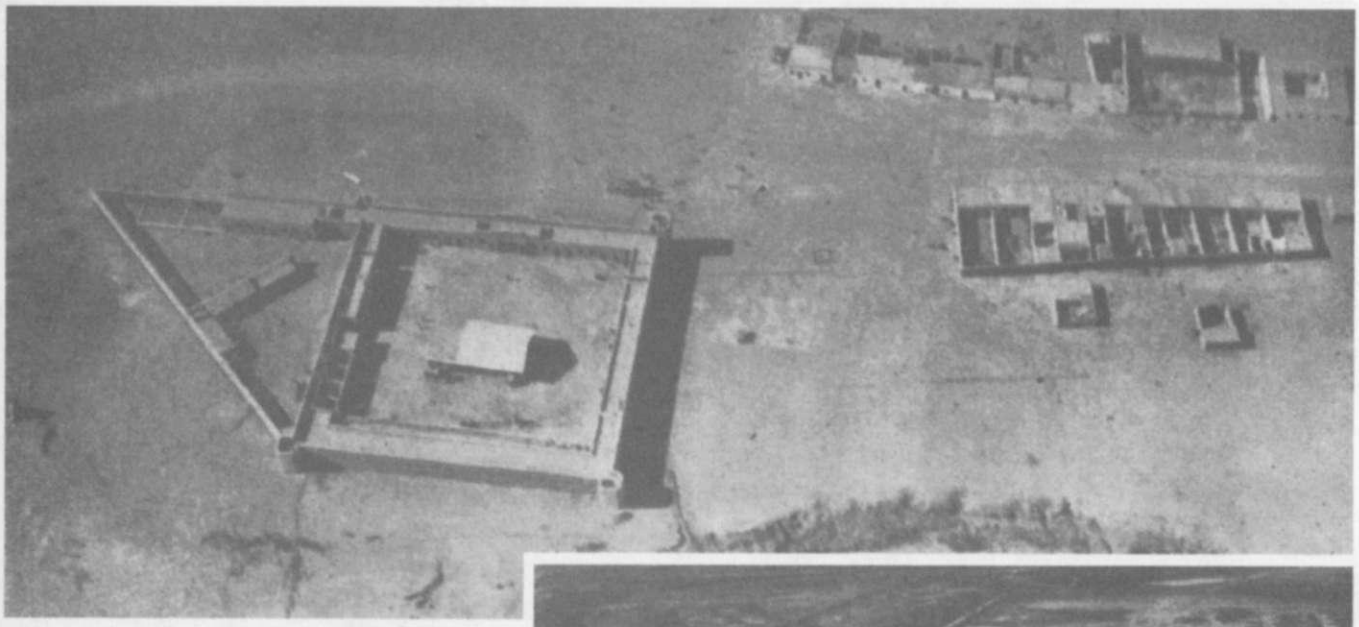
From the cartoon by Illingworth by courtesy of the "Daily Mail"

Troop-carrying aircraft, like the plane shown with a guard of Arab legionaries in the foreground, were used to rush reinforcements to the beleaguered garrison at Habbaniyah. These reinforcements included many Indian troops. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

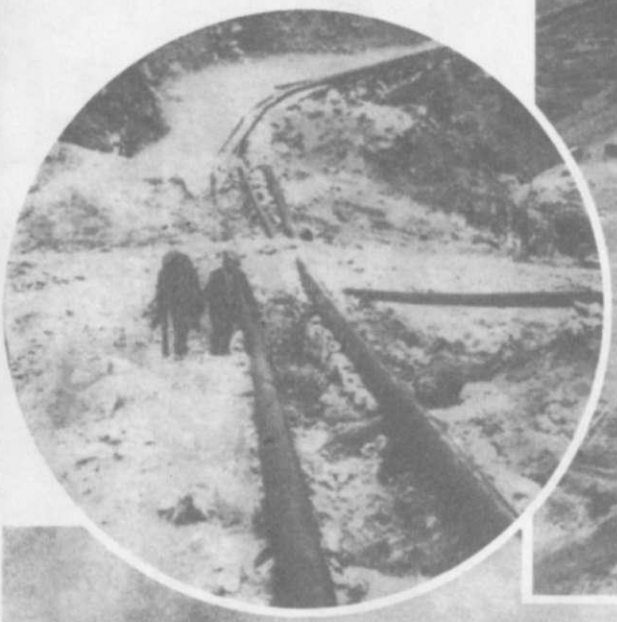
And so it did not come as any great surprise to learn that an air-borne attack on Crete had been launched on May 20. The attack began early in the morning with an intense bombardment of Suda Bay and aerodromes in the neighbourhood. Following this, parachute troops, carried in troop-carriers and gliders, began to land, their main object apparently being the capture of Maleme, an aerodrome on the Bay of Canea

GENERAL DENTZ, High Commissioner in Syria, who raged against the R.A.F. bombing of German aircraft in Syria, handed over Paris to the Germans in 1940. *Photo, E.N.A.*

And in Mesopotamia Britain Fights Once Again



RUTBAH WELLS, IRAQ, from the air, showing the fort and aerodrome in the heart of the desert. It is an important point on the Kirkuk-Haifa pipe-line, and was surrendered to the British forces on May 9.



HABBANIYAH R.A.F. Station, Iraq. The rebels who besieged it have been pushed back several miles and the aerodrome has been in constant use throughout operations. On the left, R.A.F. armoured car, one of a number which raised such a screen of dust on the airfield that a British bomber, repaired quickly at night, was able to get away unseen by hostile artillery shelling the position. Circle, an Iraq pipe-line in a cleft between rocks and boulders.

Photos, E.N.A., Keystone, Charles E. Brown, and British Official: Crown Copyright

After Five Years of Italian Rule the Skirl of South African Pipes

THIS IS NOT BRITAIN'S FIGHT ALONE

The American Ambassador's Clarion Call to the Democracies

THE English-Speaking Union was formed in the summer of 1918, just before the last World War came to an end. That was the first year in which all English-speaking peoples united to preserve their common ideals.

It is because of this fact that I am particularly happy to speak to you with Anthony Eden, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. We worked in the pre-war days to preserve the rule of law and social justice among nations. We served in the last War in the Allied Armies. Many of our friends fell in France. There they died, and many are buried, that we and our children might live in a free and peaceful world. But now across the Western Front an invader holds sway, and over the free France of La Fayette and Foch waves the swastika.

The common ideals of the English-speaking peoples of this world are not ideals from which other peoples of the world are excluded. They are ideals which are common to all men and women of this earth who do justice, who love mercy, and who walk humbly with God.

The English-speaking countries of the world are peopled by men and women of diverse nationalities and different religions. Our strength comes from diversity and our freedom is born of tolerance—tolerance of other people's origins, other people's religions, and other people's ideas.

And that is true of England no less than the English-speaking countries oversea. It was in this little island that the Angles, the Saxons, and the Normans learned to live together and call themselves Englishmen. Even the English language is a mixture of diverse tongues, and the book—the Bible—which has had a greater influence on English life and literature than any other is a book translated from tongues never spoken in this island.

In past centuries England, like other English-speaking countries, has offered sanctuary to the oppressed, persecuted, and rejected of other lands. It is, therefore, no accident that, in our own century, among her Prime Ministers have been those of Welsh, Scot, and American descent.

It is probably the crowning virtue of English-speaking countries that they recognize and respect virtue wherever they find it, and are not inclined to beguile themselves with the primitive and barbaric idea that they themselves have a monopoly of it. That is the reason that today the common people of all races and of all religions are hoping and praying, and, wherever given a chance, fighting, for victory for Britain and for the English-speaking countries which are rallying to Britain's aid.

For today the English-speaking peoples are again being drawn together in a struggle to preserve not only their common heritage but the common ideals of civilized men everywhere.

Only this week in London, in the early morning hours of the Sabbath Day, enemy bombs destroyed the House of Commons room of the Parliament and smashed the altar of Westminster Abbey. These two hits seemed to me to symbolize the objectives of the dictator and the pagan. Across the street from the wreckage of these two great historic buildings of State and Church, Saint-Gaudens's statue of Abraham Lincoln was still standing.

As I looked at the bowed figure of the Great Emancipator and thought of his life, I could not help but remember that he loved God, that he had defined and represented democratic government, and that he hated slavery. And, as an American, I was proud that he was there in all that wreckage as a friend and sentinel of gallant days that have gone by, and a reminder that in this great battle for freedom he waited quietly for support for those things for which he lived and died.

With Machiavellian cunning, totalitarian tyranny has sought to divide and conquer peoples and nations that should stand together. By blackmail and terror, by intrigue and deceit, they have sought to weaken and undermine national unity in these countries whose freedom they would destroy. They have sought to revive and inflame old and discredited class and racial hatreds. They have missed no chance to make bad blood between friendly nations in order to delay and frustrate common action against international banditry and aggression which threaten the freedom of all nations.

But make no mistake. So far the totalitarians have been appallingly successful. Experience has proved that they have a way of keeping their threats and breaking their promises. They have destroyed, one by one, one free nation after another. While a few short years ago these lawless men could have been put down by a few simple police measures, had the then free nations of the world had the will and wisdom to act together, now the forces and resources of all the remaining free nations of the world must be employed if we are to look forward to a world freed from the domination of fear and force.

For men and women of good will there is only one choice. When dictators conspire together, men and women of good will everywhere must act together.

This is no time for vain regrets or futile recriminations. We have all slept while wicked and evil men plotted destruction. We have all thought that we might save ourselves from the holocaust, and that what happened to far distant countries could never happen to us. We have all tried to make ourselves believe that we are not our brother's keeper. But we now are beginning to realize that we need our brothers as much as our brothers need us.

The freedom-loving, peace-loving peoples of this earth are coming to realize that this is not Britain's fight alone. When clever, cunning dictators are striking with lightning speed at any and every free nation that dares stand in their way, the time has come for democratic nations to prove that while they are free to debate they have the power and the will to act.

On the wise use of the navies of the world may hang the destinies of the free peoples of the world. A kindly Providence at this time of stress and danger has placed at the heads of the two great English-speaking peoples two men whose knowledge of the sea is probably greater than that of any statesmen of any time. The problems that are before them in the defence of their countries are not simple problems but complicated problems.

In the controversy that has arisen in regard to sinkings of goods manufactured in the United States, I hope that the people here and at home realize that a mere statement of the sinkings of ships from America does not tell the whole story. It only proves, as does the successful transport of troops to the Middle East, the protective power of an adequate convoy. Such figures do not show the necessity of selection. They do not disclose what food may have to be taken from the children of Britain to give her soldiers arms. They tell only a small part of the Battle of the Atlantic and of the shipping problem to be faced in the prosecution of the total war. In total war it is total strength that counts.

We are engaged in the greatest struggle in all history to preserve freedom in the modern world. We have made our tasks infinitely more difficult because we failed to do yesterday what we gladly do today. Much that we must do today would not have been necessary had we done enough yesterday. The longer the delay the more protracted will be the war and the greater the sacrifices which will be required for victory.

Let us stop asking ourselves if it is really necessary to do more today. Let us, all of us, ask ourselves what more we can do today, so that we may have less to do and sacrifice tomorrow. If we, all of us, will only not put off for tomorrow what can be done today, victory for freedom will come sooner than we dare to hope.

LINCOLN'S STATUE, which stands in Parliament Square, hard by the Hun-ravaged Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, was alluded to by Mr. Winant in his address to the English-speaking Union on May 14 in which he made the striking reaffirmation of democratic principles and call to all freedom-loving peoples to unite in their defence quoted in this page. "As I looked at the bowed figure of the great emancipator," he said, "I could not help but remember that he loved God, that he had defined and represented democratic government and that he hated slavery." This photograph was taken after the destruction of the House of Commons. *Photo,* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

They Have Won Honours in Freedom's Cause

Paymaster Captain P. S. Stuckland, C.B.E., for services rendered in the Country's cause.

Lieut. Valling, R.N.R., **D.S.C.,** for gallantry shown in the execution of his duties.

Capt. Fraser, R.N., **O.B.E.,** for conspicuous services rendered in the Country's cause.

Chief Engineer J. W. Coulthard, R.N., **D.S.C.,** for bravery during the evacuation from Dunkirk.

Skipper Lieutenant Inglis, R.N.R., **M.B.E.,** for services rendered while on active service.

Petty Officer Flattery, D.C.M., for gallant conduct and devotion to duty while on active service.

Sqdn. - Ldr. Barrie Heath, D.F.C., won his award fighting Nazis in a Spitfire paid for by his father.

Flight-Lt. J. C. Dundas, D.F.C. and bar, accounted for at least 13 Nazis, including the German ace Major Wieck.

Flight-Lt. R. M. B. Duke Woolley, D.F.C., for destroying at least three enemy aircraft and damaging several more.

Flight-Sgt. Eric Smith, D.F.M., for displaying great gallantry and devotion to duty in the execution of his air duties.

Flight-Lt. W. W. Campbell, D.F.C., for brilliant bombing successes which included sinking two Italian submarines.

Flying Officer W. D. Brown, D.F.C., for his outstanding performance in raids on the Gneisenau and Scharnhorst at Brest.

Nurse Ruby Rosser, G.M., for shielding and remaining with a helpless patient in a bombed and collapsing hospital.

Miss Sharnaud, D.B.E., for services rendered in connexion with the Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence.

Lady Reading, Chairman of the W.V.S., **D.B.E.,** for services rendered in connexion with the Women's Voluntary Services.

Miss Fenno, D.B.E., for services rendered in connexion with the Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence.

Senr. Asst. Nurse Aileen Turner, G.M., for rescuing patients and carrying them to the window of a ward as the floor collapsed.

Staff Nurse Mary Fleming, G.M., for the same gallant action as her colleague, Nurse Turner, whom she helped.

David Lazarus, Home Guard, **G.M.,** for rescuing flat dwellers in a demolished tenement until a wall collapsed and buried him. He is only 17.

Albert Bailey, Home Guard, **G.M.,** for risking his life in helping to save eleven people from a badly bombed factory at Birmingham

Miss P. Baxter, A.F.S., **M.B.E.,** for heroic conduct during a night raid on Portsmouth, assisting trapped people and cutting off escaping gas.

Miss H. Taylor, A.F.S., **M.B.E.,** for heroic conduct during a heavy night raid on Portsmouth, together with Miss Baxter and Miss Whitcher.

Miss M. Whitcher, A.F.S., **M.B.E.,** for heroic conduct during raid on Portsmouth. These three girls helped remove lorries and put out incendiaries.

Mr. D. Moseley, East Ham A.R.P. Warden, **M.B.E.,** for devotion to duty during heavy air attacks, rescuing people and extinguishing fires.

Ambulance-Driver B. Matthewman, G.M., for courage and devotion to duty in driving through fierce air raids with casualties.

Mr. Ernest Biggs, A.R.P. worker, **O.B.E.,** for gallantry and devotion to duty during a fierce raid which took place at Southampton.

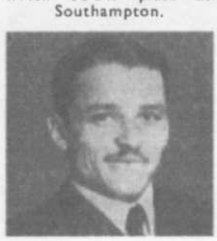
Mr. E. C. Channing, A.R.P. Warden, **M.B.E.,** for rescue work though wounded in the foot and handicapped by an artificial arm.

Mrs. Gwendolyn Park, A.R.P. Warden, **M.B.E.,** for rescue work. She bandaged Mr. Channing's wound and together they freed a woman and baby.

John Thomas Cain, G.M., for helping to save people trapped under a blazing factory. This Hackney costermonger is only 15.

Attendant G. Goshwark, Greenwich Aux. Ambulance Service, **G.M.,** for coolness and courage in accompanying Driver Matthewman (left).

Lt.-Com. Jan Van Olm, Royal Dutch Naval Air Service, **O.B.E.,** for rescuing a flying unit from Holland and France.



Sergeant Ligoticky, Czech pilot, **Czechoslovak War Cross and Medal,** for destroying German planes at night.

Officer Air-Gunner Morian Hansen, R.A.F., **D.F.C.** Mr. Hansen was a popular Danish speedway rider before the war.

Count Czernin, R.A.F., **D.F.C.** for gallant conduct. Count Czernin is a Czechoslovakian serving with the R.A.F.

Sergeant Krat, Czech pilot, **Czechoslovak War Cross,** for shooting down a Nazi plane during a night raid on London

Flt.-Lieut. G. Jankiewicz, Polish pilot, **Polish Military Cross** (twice) for gallant conduct during air operations

Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1941 *624th day*

Air.—Heavy bombing attacks made on Kiel, Emden and Cherbourg.

Africa.—Duke of Aosta accepted British terms of surrender.

British aircraft damaged convoy of enemy tanks between Capuzzo and Halfaya. Three Junkers shot down over Tobruk. Heavy night raid on Benghazi.

Near East.—R.A.F. bombed Syrian aerodromes, including Palmyra, Damascus and Rayak. Heavy night raids on German-occupied aerodromes in Greece.

Iraq.—Garrison at Habbaniyah reinforced. R.A.F. raided Rashid aerodrome.

Home.—Slight enemy activity round coastal regions. During night bombs fell at two points in south-west. One day and two night raiders destroyed.

General.—Duke of Spoleto designated King of Croatia by King of Italy.

MONDAY, MAY 19 *625th day*

Sea.—Reported that Egyptian liner Zamzam, carrying full unit of British-American Ambulance Corps, had been sunk in S. Atlantic.

Africa.—Formal surrender of Duke of Aosta's forces at Amba Alagi.

Stated that British still hold Sollum, but Germans had recaptured Capuzzo.

Near East.—Enemy aircraft made sustained attacks on aerodromes in Crete. Hospital at Canea bombed and machine-gunned.

R.A.F. attacked Palmyra aerodrome.

Iraq.—Falluja, east of Habbaniyah, occupied by British.

Home.—Enemy activity mainly over south-east and south coasts. Five Messerschmitts destroyed over Channel. Heinkel shot down by four trawlers off east coast.

TUESDAY, MAY 20 *626th day*

Sea.—Stated that survivors of Egyptian liner Zamzam had been landed at St. Jean de Luz.

Admiralty announced that naval auxiliary Camito had been sunk.

Africa.—Duke of Aosta and staff made personal surrender. Torrential rains delaying operations in southern Abyssinia.

Near East.—German parachutists and air-borne troops, numbering 1,500, landed before dawn in Canea-Maleka area of Crete, but met with strong resistance. In afternoon 3,000 more air-borne troops dropped in Suda Bay and Heraklion (Candia) areas.

R.A.F. heavily bombed aerodromes in Greece, and at Palmyra and Damascus in Syria. Five enemy raids on Malta.

Iraq.—Rashid aerodrome heavily raided. German aircraft attacked Habbaniyah.

Home.—Very slight enemy activity during day. At night raiders were reported over South Wales and East Anglia.

General.—Announced that Iceland has severed union with Denmark.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21 *627th day*

Air.—British bombers made surprise attack on Heligoland. Another force raided power-station and oil refinery near Béthune.

Africa.—During night of 20-21 advanced mechanized troops destroyed enemy post on Sollum hill. Benghazi raided during night.

In battle of the Lakes, two enemy divisions now trapped between forces advancing from north and south. Italian counter-attack repulsed with heavy loss. Farther south Italian brigade H.Q. and three colonial battalions captured.

Near East.—Situation in Crete reported to be well in hand. Landings of air-borne troops continued. Enemy occupied aerodrome at Maleme. Attempts at sea-borne landings frustrated by Navy. Large German convoy sunk.

Iraq.—Round-up of rebels in Falluja area proceeding.

Home.—Some activity by enemy aircraft in coastal areas.

THURSDAY, MAY 22 *628th day*

Sea.—Auxiliary vessel Queenworth reported sunk.

Africa.—Benghazi raided during night.

Near East.—Further German landings and bomber attacks in Crete. Enemy driven out of Heraklion (Candia) and Retimo after hand-to-hand fighting. Counter-attack at Maleme.

Iraq.—Rebel forces attacked Falluja, but after heavy bombing British retook the town.

Home.—Few single enemy aircraft dropped bombs in Sussex and elsewhere. Two raiders shot down.

FRIDAY, MAY 23 *629th day*

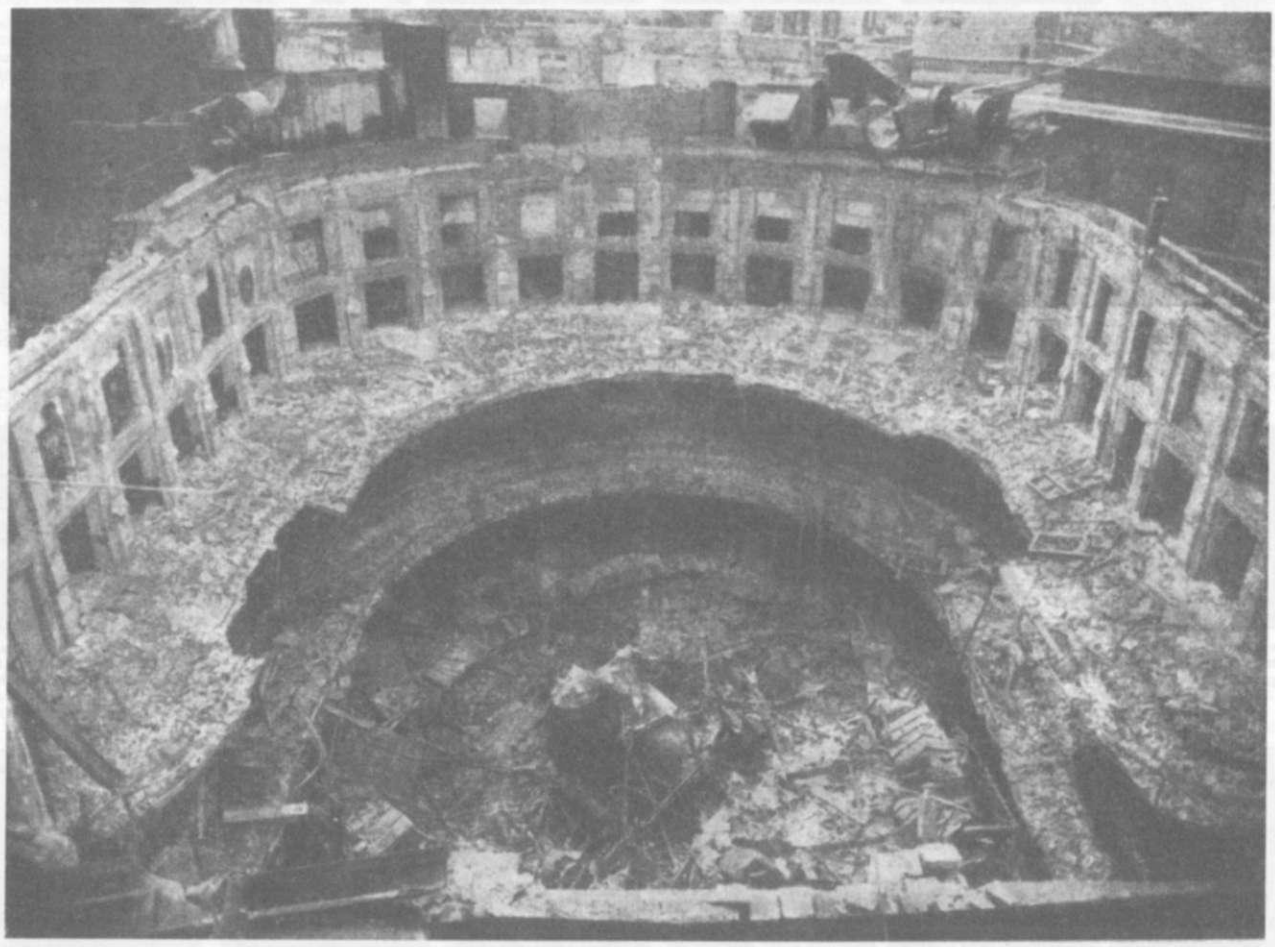
Sea.—Admiralty announced that British submarine had sunk troopship, tanker, Italian destroyer and other ships off Libya.

Air.—Vigorous night attack on Cologne and on aerodromes and ports in occupied territory.

Africa.—Capture of Gelute, Soddu and Uondo, Abyssinia, reported.

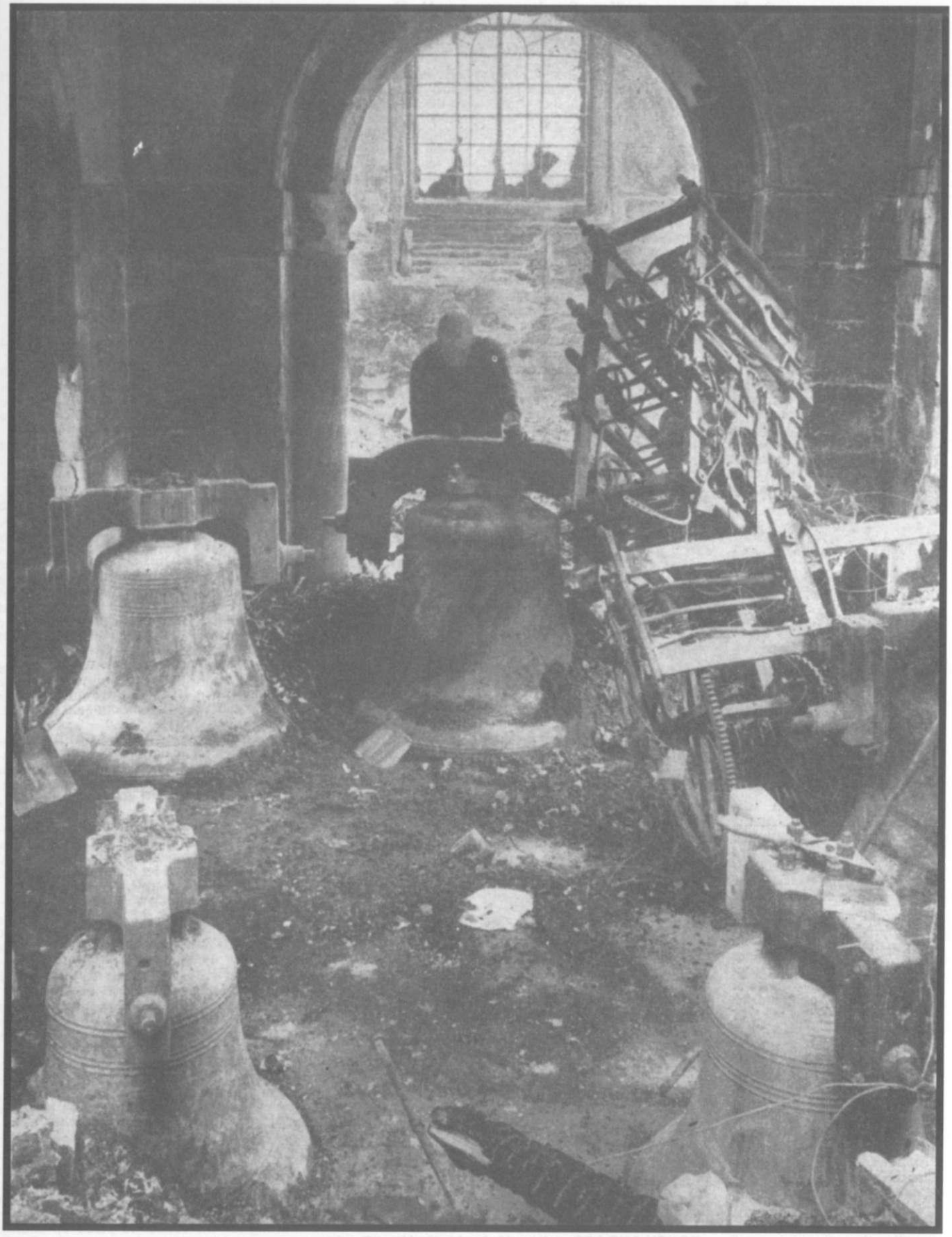
Near East.—R.A.F. caused extensive damage to aircraft and troops at Maleme, Crete. Germans continued efforts to reinforce troops on island. Paratroops being mopped up.

Home.—Few bombs fell during day near coast.



THE PASSING OF QUEEN'S HALL will be felt as a personal blow by many thousands of music-lovers, and especially by those who, year after year, were faithful attendants of the popular seasons of promenade concerts for so long conducted by Sir Henry Wood. The Queen's Hall was opened in 1893 and consisted of two halls, the larger of which had accommodation for more than 3,000. Although the London Philharmonic Orchestra lost all its instruments when the Hall was bombed by the Nazis, thanks to the generosity of the music-loving public they were at once replaced by private gifts and loans from all over the country. *Photo, Fox*

Here Lie the Bells that Bred a Nursery Rhyme



THE BELLS OF ST. CLEMENT'S may yet ring again, for of its twelve bells made famous in the nursery rhyme "Oranges and Lemons" only two were badly cracked when St. Clement Danes Church was destroyed by Nazi raiders. Of Wren's church, however, nothing now is left but the fire-scorched walls and tower. The remains of the works of the clock and carillon are seen on the right of the photograph. Among the irreplaceable treasures of this church, where Dr. Johnson regularly attended service, was the pulpit carved by Grinling Gibbons. *Photo, Sport & General*

The Home Guard's First Birthday

On May 14, 1941, the Home Guard was one year old. How a great army of enthusiastic but untrained and ill-equipped volunteers was transformed into a formidable defence force within a twelvemonth is here briefly outlined by J. R. Fawcett Thompson, himself among the first L.D.V.s.

"We are going to ask you to help us. . . . We want large numbers of men in Great Britain, between the ages of 17 and 65, to come forward now. . . . The name of the new force which is to be raised is the Local Defence Volunteers. . . . Here, then, is the opportunity for which so many of you have been waiting. Your loyal help . . . will make and keep our country safe."

Opportunity had no need to knock a second time. Scarcely had the voice of Mr. Eden, newly appointed War Minister, faded from countless loudspeakers when thousands of those "men between the ages of 17 and 65" were out of their homes making hotfoot for the nearest police station through that evening of May 14, 1940. No broadcast appeal can surely have had a greater response for, as if by magic, a force of 250,000 eager volunteers was at once enrolled.

The size of the new citizen army was, perhaps, its greatest embarrassment, and the capacity for improvization of even the average Briton was severely tried in rapidly organizing such a huge number of men for immediate action. But it was done, and done quickly, for within a week local patrols were out all over the country carrying out their primary function of "watching, observing, reporting and guarding."

On June 20 Gen. H. R. Pownall, an able soldier, was appointed Inspector-General of the new force, proof that the War Office was taking a lively interest in its protege. Then in August, at the instigation of the Prime Minister, it became known as the Home Guard—a change of title which found ready welcome among the volunteers themselves. By now the total strength had swollen to 1,500,000—a truly amazing vindication of the voluntary system of recruiting.

The days of extempore planning had gone by and the placing of the whole organization on an established basis was obviously an urgent need. The good offices of the Territorial Army Association were enlisted, and the definite military status of the Home Guard was made officially manifest when on September 11 Mr. Churchill told the House of Commons: "We have more than one and a half million men of the Home Guard, who are just as much soldiers of the regular army in status as the Grenadier Guards, and who are determined to fight for every inch of the ground in every village and in every street."

Since the Battle of France the crucial importance of "defence in depth" had at last been realized. How better could such defence be effected than by utilizing the inter-connected network of Home Guard units covering the whole of Great Britain? The defence, in fact, of each locality by the men who knew it best.

So, as autumn passed in to winter, the training policy of the Home Guard developed on these lines. The issue of American automatic rifles greatly strengthened the fire-power of sections and platoons throughout the country, while intensive courses of field training at such schools as Osterley Park and its successors under War Office supervision imparted the principles and practice of modern warfare to over 2,600 men who were able to attend.

By the close of 1940 the Home Guard had acquired an admirable Director-General in Maj.-Gen. T. R. Eastwood, its leaders were scheduled to receive the King's commission, and its personnel, now in regulation serge battle-dress, constituted 1,200 battalions, 5,000 companies (or 25,000 platoons). During the heavy and constant air raids of this period, also, certain units found further valuable scope for their activities in giving assistance to civil defence. Especially helpful was their cooperation with the police, and in one London borough it was generously said of the local unit that it worked so well with the police that the two forces were well-nigh interchangeable. While carrying out their work under fire many Home Guards showed such courage and devotion to duty that they were honoured by H.M. the King.

A feature worthy of record was the formation of their own units by various Government Departments and Public Utility concerns such as the Ministry of Information, the G.P.O., the L.P.T.B. and the railway groups, each being trained to fulfil the specialized needs of its respective organization. In certain areas, also, such as the moors and river reaches, the Home Guard met local conditions by maintaining mounted and water-borne patrols.

It is now generally held that the bulk of future recruits must be looked for among lads of 17. One of the latest and most interesting developments, therefore, was the scheme for affiliating 25,000 members of the Cadet Force to the Home Guard. Each cadet unit is to have a "godfather" in it local Home Guard, and the hope has been expressed that every cadet on reaching his 17th birthday will make a point of honour of joining his parent force.

And so, by May 14, 1941, the Home Guard attained its first birthday without having come to that close grip with the enemy for which it had trained so hard and eagerly. Now being armed with tommy guns and new anti-tank weapons in increasing numbers, and beginning to feel immense confidence in its cooperation with the Field Army, each unit of this great citizen army might be likened to "a small active but fierce dog on a reasonably long chain" only waiting for the robber to pluck up courage to come within its reach. It may be that he never will, and if so the Home Guard has largely its own enthusiasm and efficiency to thank for the disappointment.

THE KING THANKS THE HOME GUARD

I HEARTILY congratulate the Home Guard on the progress made by all ranks since it was established a year ago today. On many occasions I have seen for myself the keenness with which they are fitting themselves for the discharge of vital duties in the defence of our homes. They have already earned the gratitude of their fellow citizens for the prompt and unstinted assistance which they are constantly giving to the Civil Defence Services.

The Home Guard stands in the direct line of the various bodies of militia, trained bands, fencibles, and volunteers, the records of whose fine spirit and military aptitude adorn many a page of our history.

I thank them for the service which they freely give at considerable sacrifice of leisure and convenience, and I am confident that, in cooperation with their comrades in arms of the Field Army, they will fit themselves to meet and overcome every emergency and so make their contribution to the victory which will reward our united efforts. GEORGE R.I.

Special Army Order dated May 14, 1941

Paramount among the reasons which prompted the Government to establish the Local Defence Volunteers was the vital necessity for combating the possible activities of enemy parachute troops in the event of invasion. The conquest of Norway and, to a far greater extent, the lightning overthrow of Holland were object-lessons in the destruction, confusion and general demoralization that could be caused by the skilful use of this new form of warfare.

So it was that the early L.D.V.s earned their nickname of "Parashots." All through the wonderful summer months of 1940, at dusk, at dawn and in the dark hours of the night they were ever on the lookout for the invader from the skies. From stout cudgels and shot-guns their weapons at long last progressed to rifles and bombs—civilian clothes and armlets slowly gave place to denim overalls—the clumsiness of inexperience was succeeded by the expertness born of keen and organized training.

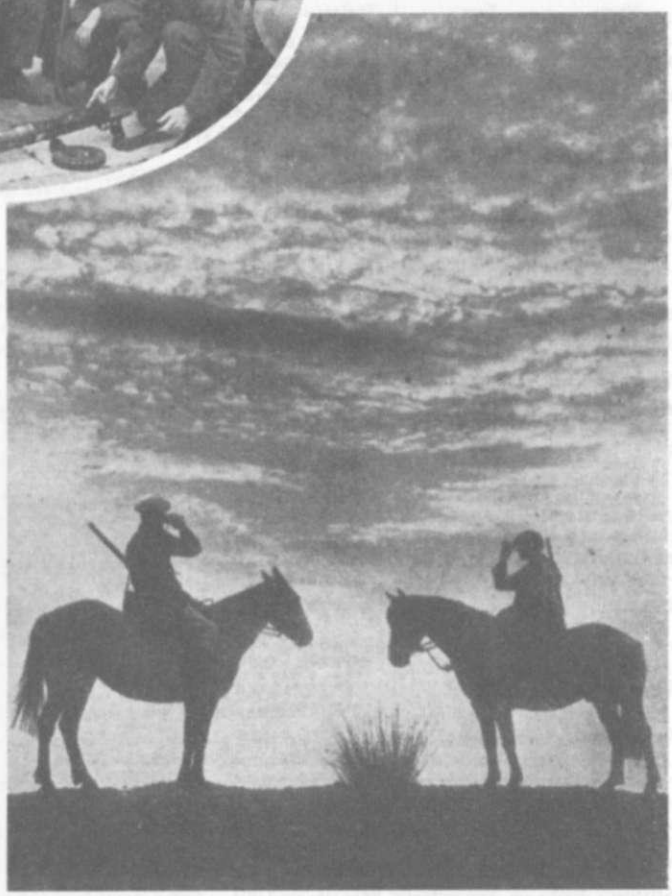
YOUTH AND AGE work hand-in-hand in the Home Guard. Here two village stalwarts inspect their makeshift weapons in the early days, while above, a youngster goes through special training with the latest type of tommy gun.

Photos, Keystone

From Village Patrol To Palace Guard

Special Home Guard Patrols in outboard motor-boats armed with Lewis guns aid in protecting Britain's waterways.

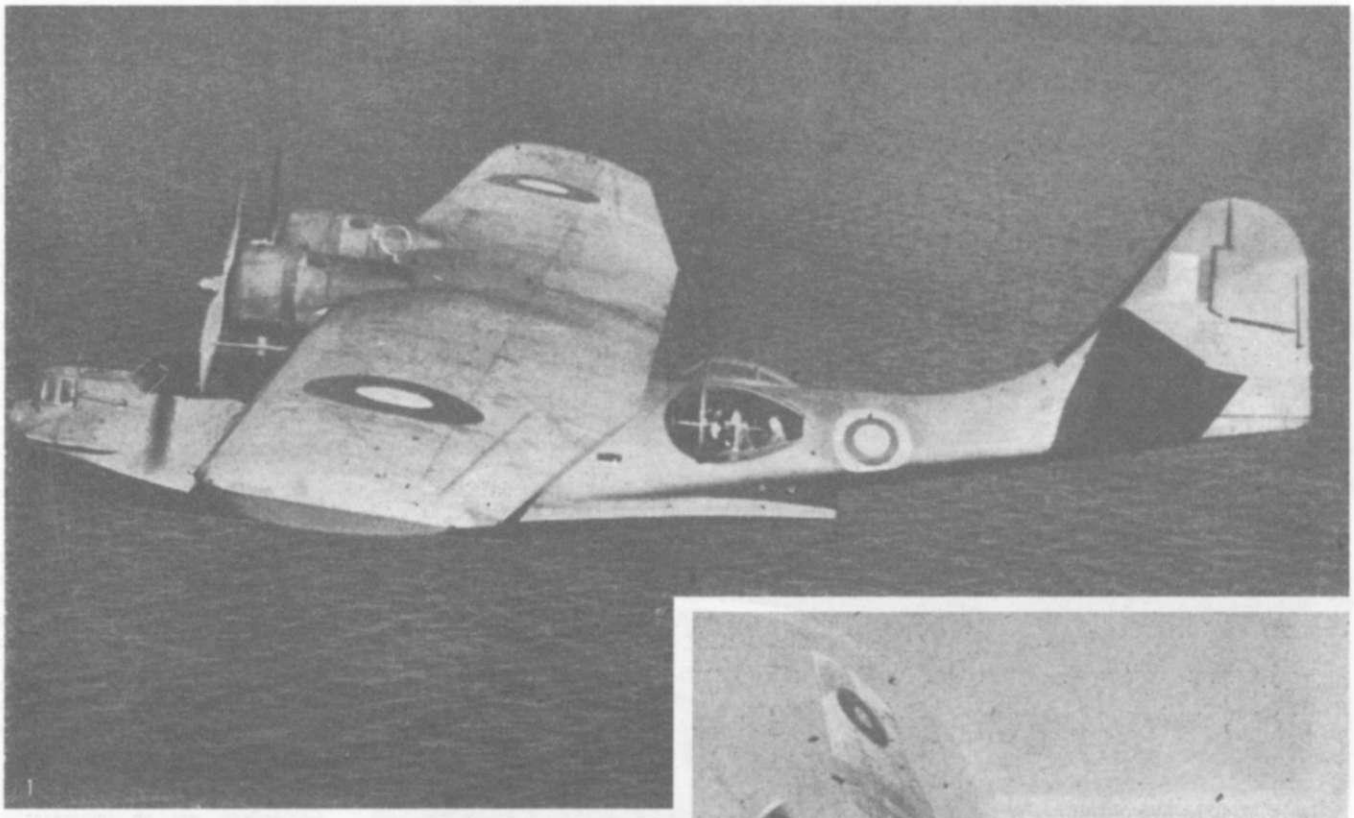
Camouflage was an important feature of the intensive training courses given at the Osterley Park School, Middlesex.

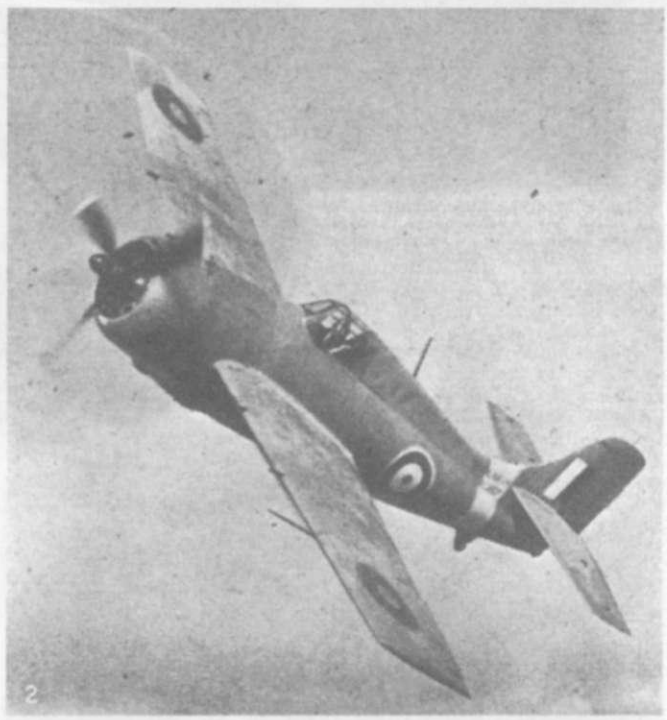


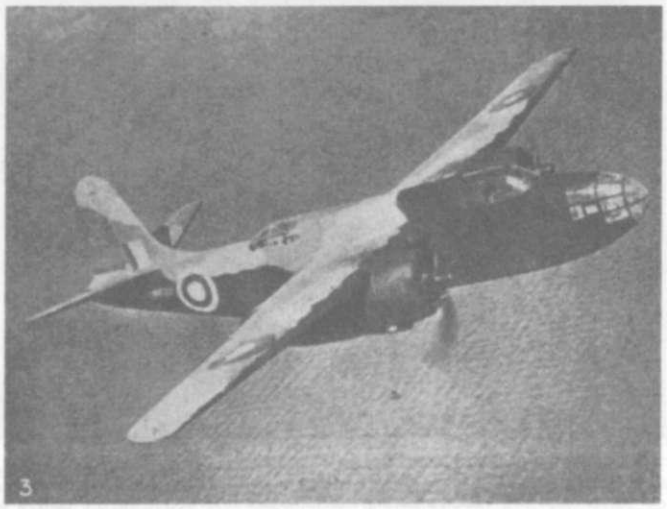
BUCKINGHAM PALACE GUARD DUTY was the signal honour granted the Home Guard on the occasion of its first birthday, on May 14, 1941. A fruitful source of new recruits will soon be furnished by 25,000 members of Cadet Force units now to be affiliated to their local Home Guard: some of these lads are seen receiving machine-gun instruction in the centre oval. In large areas such as Exmoor, where foot patrols are impracticable, mounted Home Guards keep watch and ward over the countryside.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; P.N.A., Fox

New U.S. Eagles for Our Embattled Skies







NEW AIRCRAFT IN SERVICE WITH THE R.A.F.

Name	Type	Engines and Speed	Armament
	BRITISH FIGHTERS AND BOMBERS		
Hawker **Typhoon**	Fighter, s.s.	Napier Sabre 2,400 h.p.; over 400 m.p.h.	Cannon and m.g.
Hawker **Tornado**	Fighter, s.s.	Rolls Royce Vulture; over 2,000 h.p.; 425 m.p.h. Two engines.	Eight m.g. and three 20-mm. cannon
Westland **Whirlwind**	Fighter	—	—
Bristol **Beaufighter**	Fighter (long range; night)	Two engines	Very heavy
Short **Stirling**	Heavy Bomber	Four engines	—
Avro **Manchester**	Heavy Bomber	Two engines	—
Halifax	Heavy Bomber	—	—
	RECENT AMERICAN AIRCRAFT		
Curtiss **Tomahawk**	Fighter, s.s.	Allison 1,100 h.p.; 360 m.p.h.	Two ·5 m.g. and four rifle-calib. m.g.
North Amer **Mustang**	Fighter, s.s.	Allison 1,100 h.p.; 400 m.p.h.	—
Grumman **Martlet (2)**	Fighter, s.s. (F.A.A.)	Wright Cyclone 1,200 h.p.; 350 m.p.h.	Two m.g. in wings and four in fuselage
Brewster **Buffalo**	Fighter, s.s.	Wright Cyclone 1,200 h.p.; 330 m.p.h.	Two ·5 m.g. in fus. and two ·303 m.g. in wings
Vultee **Vengeance**	Fighter	1 engine; 350 m.p.h.	—
Havoc (3) (D.B. 7)	Fighter (night interceptor)	A "fighter version" of Douglas Boston bomber (see below); 380 m.p.h.	Four fixed m.g. in nose
Martin **Maryland**	Medium Bomber	2 Pratt & Whitney 1,050 h.p. Twin Wasps; 305 m.p.h.	Four fixed and two free m.g.
Douglas **Boston**	Med. Bomber and Night Fighter	2 P. & W. 1,050 h.p. Twin Wasps or 2 1,600 h.p. Wright Dble.-row Cyclones; 320 or 370 m.p.h.	Four fixed and two free m.g.
Consolidated **Liberator**	Bomber	4 P. & W. 1,200 h.p. Twin Wasps; 320 m.p.h.	Turrets in nose, tail and fuselage
Consolidated **Catalina (1)**	Flying Boat	2 P. & W. 1,200 h.p. Twin Wasps; 199 m.p.h.	Turrets in nose; gun blisters in hull

Note. The above statements are official. Items omitted are on secret list. An American aeronautical writer has given his impressions of some of Britain's new aircraft which are neither confirmed nor denied by the Air Ministry.

Tornado. 400 said to be ready for service early in 1941.

Whirlwind. Said to have power-operated gun turret, Rolls-Royce Merlin engines giving just over 400 m.p.h.

Stirling. Based on Transatlantic liner designed before war; stated to weigh about 31 tons.

Manchester. Said to have speed of about 325 m.p.h. and to weigh about 13½ tons.

Nos. in brackets (1, 2, 3) refer to illustrations

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Central Press

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

Our Pilots Fought in London's Heaviest Blitz

May 10—the night of one of London's severest air raids—was a record night for R.A.F. night fighters, who shot down no fewer than 29 bombers. The following account of the night's operations was broadcast by a Flight-Lieutenant on duty at a fighter station.

REPORTS began to come in of enemy bombers streaming towards London. In the distance bursting anti-aircraft shells showed that some of them had arrived already. Grim-looking night fighters taxied into position and took off at a signal from the duty pilot. Up they went and in a few moments they were lost to sight.

I was standing just outside the Watch Office when suddenly someone shouted "There goes the first," and I saw a flame in the distance diving to earth. For a moment the horizon was lit up by a great flash when it hit the ground.

Presently the first of the night fighters returned. A tousle-headed pilot came into the Intelligence Officer's room rubbing his hands to get them warm. He told his story in short jerky sentences. "I saw a dark shape—in front. I gave him several squirts with my gun. He went down in a steep dive; I followed. All the time I kept pumping more bullets. I definitely filled that Hun full of holes, but he got away in the end. He went down so low I nearly hit a tree trying to keep on his tail, and he disappeared at nought feet." The Intelligence Officer decided that this one could be claimed only as "damaged."

Meanwhile the Interrogation Officer, whose job it is to question any Germans who land safely, was phoning round to find out where the one we had seen had come down.

After a while more of the night fighters glided in to land, and the crews followed one another in to make their reports. There were so many of them that three Intelligence Officers were hard at work taking down what they had to say. One had had two combats. In the first he had seen his bullets strike home and the enemy aircraft go in a steep dive. He was not sure about that one. Bits had fallen off the second bomber just before it went down, nearly vertically, but the Intelligence Officer only credited them as two "damaged" for the time being.

By this time the phones in the Intelligence Office were ringing almost without stopping. "This is the police station at So-and-so. We have a German here." "This is H.Q. The score for the night so far is 7." "This is the Observer Corps. There is one down at So-and-so."

Then the tousle-headed pilot came in again, after a second patrol. He was told that the one down probably *was* his. The time and place where it crashed seemed to agree with his report. Then a squadron-leader came in reporting one definitely destroyed. "Just outside London a raider flew right in front of me," he said. "I gave him a long burst and he went down—straight down in flames."

H.Q. came on the telephone again. A voice reported that the score was now 15. Then another pilot, a flight-lieutenant this time, came in. He had got one. It had dived into the sea with both engines blazing. In the squadron hut a swastika was chalked up against his name on the blackboard.

Another flight-lieutenant, with the purple and white ribbon of the D.F.C. showing beneath his open flying-jacket, reported shooting at a raider south of London, and seeing it go straight down. Like the others who could not say definitely that the machine they attacked was destroyed, he was credited with one "damaged." His hopes rose a few moments later when the H.Q. Intelligence Officer phoned to say there was one down which was probably his.

With the first streaks of dawn the last of the night fighters came back, including two crews who had been over enemy aerodromes trying to catch the raiders returning home.

An empty shell, all that is left of the famous church of St. Clement Danes after a recent raid. This was the third time that the church had been bombed. See also page 569.
Photo, Planet News

One of them, a tall fair-haired pilot in a heavy flying suit, got a Dornier 17. It was his second victory over France in a few days. "I followed him in to land," he said, "and nearly hit the ground doing it."

And to put the final touch to the night, the Interrogation Officer came back very pleased with himself. He had been speaking to the pilot of the German plane that everyone saw coming down in flames. The Ack-Ack gunners had been claiming this, but the German himself says that he was shot down by fighters. So that's another one to some pilot.

And so we went to breakfast with the station score at four destroyed and the tousle-headed pilot still allowed only one "damaged."

We Had a Little League of Nations in My Boat

Civilians, as well as the Empire forces, had adventurous escapes from Greece during the German advance. Among them was an acting British Consul, who sailed a small motor fishing-boat through the islands by night for six days. His story is told below.

THE acting consul, who served under Lawrence of Arabia in the last war, said that he had made a hobby of sailing round the Peloponnesus in peacetime and had become familiar with the innumerable beaches and coves where one could lay up a small boat. He continued:

"I had a nice little 25-ton Diesel engine fishing-boat, and I determined to gather together as many British subjects as I could.

"At dawn on Tuesday, April 22, we slipped out of a cove near Patras, having taken on board the remaining British subjects in Patras—three men and three women. We got early through the boom at Cape Araxas, and laid up at the little island of Oxia.

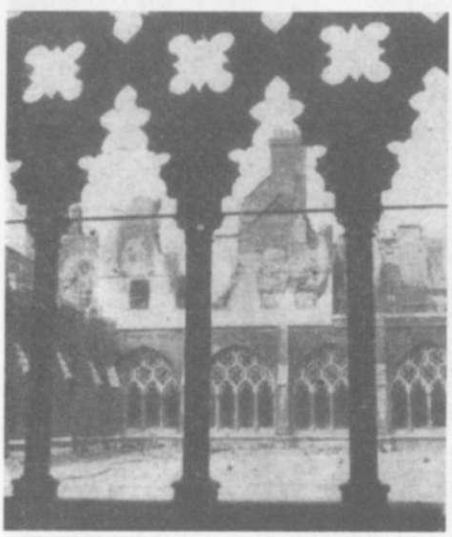
"It was my plan to spend each day hiding in coves providing good cover, and sailing only by night, since with the German bombers increasing in numbers and flying over continuously by day I had no hope of escaping their attentions except in the dark.

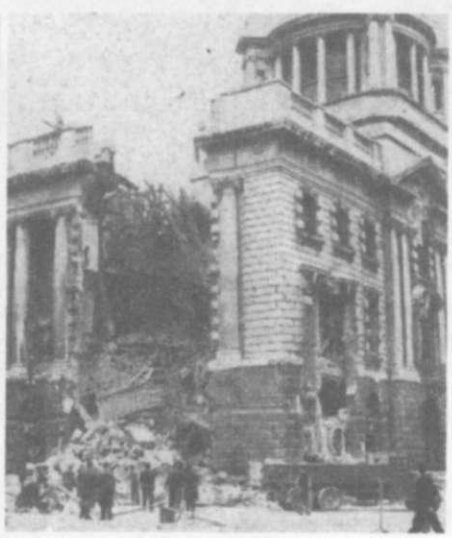
"On Tuesday night we ran from Oxia to Zante. Throughout Wednesday German bombers flew over the island, and in default of fighter opposition came down very low.

"We hid in the woods, wondering how long it would be before they spotted us. Nevertheless, we picnicked quite pleasantly—I had laid in plenty of tinned food—and in the evening stole down for a bathe.

"As soon as darkness fell we set off on the long run to Navarino. This took 12 hours, the last stretch being done by daylight.

"I picked up about a dozen people in Navarino Bay, but was told our Consul and several other British civilians were at





SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL JUSTICE were both involved in the heavy damage of the great raid on London. On the left, a view through the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; right, the effect of a direct hit on the Old Bailey perfectly symbolizes the Hun attitude to the ideal of justice.
Photos, Planet News and Topical

I WAS THERE!

Kalamata, and I determined to drive there, though it was a poor road. I wasted half an hour bargaining for a car, but when it was obtained my driver certainly went fast. Before we were half-way to Kalamata I was more scared of him than of the Germans."

The consul went on to describe how he had arrived at Kalamata to find a considerable number of civilians there, as well as some Australian soldiers cut off from their units. Finally he drove back to Navarino with a mixed bag of 35, including the president of the Dodecanese Society.

From Navarino the craft made Iteolimani, a tiny island near Cape Matapan, and from there they went to Anticythera, more than half-way to Crete. By this time German parachutists had already landed in Cythera. He concluded :

"On Sunday morning my little fishing-boat Hagias Trias—Holy Trinity—sailed into port at Suda Bay, in Crete, flying the consular flag. I had brought my boat through undamaged and, starting with six passengers, I had finished with 65 without loss of life. They were British, Greek, Australian and Yugoslav—a little League of Nations, in fact."—"*Daily Telegraph.*"

We Were Lucky to Escape British Night Fighters

Evidence of the wholesome dread which British night fighters inspire in German bomber crews was afforded in broadcasts by German airmen during the first weeks of May, when the fighters achieved record successes.

A German bomb-aimer, in a talk on the German radio describing the great raid on London of May 10, betrayed some of his fears of the British night fighter. This is what he said :

"Where are the searchlights ?" we all asked when approaching London. Everything looked so gloomy, it was so deadly quiet. Our leader said : "No gun-fire. There must be night fighters somewhere."

We saw the Thames like a sparkling ribbon in the moonlight. No anti-aircraft fire. We are puzzled.

As we found our targets I pressed the button and the bombs started raining down. In a short time the whole area in the Thames was a sea of flames. We could recognize St. Paul's. There was still no defence. We flew on and returned to London from the north to have another look.

All of a sudden there was a cry, "Night fighters !" and then we got it, but we escaped our pursuer, although we were hit.

Never mind. The main thing is we left London burning as never before.

The crew of another Nazi bomber were less jubilant over the destruction wrought in London. One of them said over the radio :

Suddenly somebody shouted, "Night fighter, night fighter !" Scarcely had we heard the cry when there was a violent splutter of bullets into the body of our plane. Another one. . . . A third . . .

In the next second we went down . . . down . . . and no one could make out what was above and what below. The pilot made frantic efforts to level us out, and succeeded at last. Nobody had any more interest in the fires down in London. For us it was to get away as quickly as possible and not to be caught again after our lucky escape.

A German airman broadcasting from Berlin on May 8 also described an encounter with a night fighter. He said :

We were over the North Sea when suddenly our radio operator shouted, "Night fighter !" It was one of their new, very fast fighters.

We had hardly grasped the meaning of his words when a hail of bullets was pumped into our kite. Indescribable chaos surrounded us immediately. We were blinded by tracer bullets and deafened by the whistle of projectiles.

Our pilot tried an evasive manoeuvre, but time and again, with astounding courage and insistence, the excellent enemy pilot pumped more and more lead into us.

Six times he attacked us from below, but never allowed his machine to come within the range of our guns.

The bomb-aimer was wounded, and lay motionless near his sight. Our pilot attempted once more to shake off the British attacker, diving almost to sea-level . . . and at last succeeded. But one of our motors was out of action.

Still, we were now left undisturbed. We jettisoned our bombs, and flew home.

We had great difficulty in dressing the wounds of our comrade in the darkness, but we managed to make a successful landing, and soon our comrade was transferred to hospital.

Later we counted the hits which our machine had sustained. We found no fewer than 107 holes.

THE POETS & THE WAR

XLIII

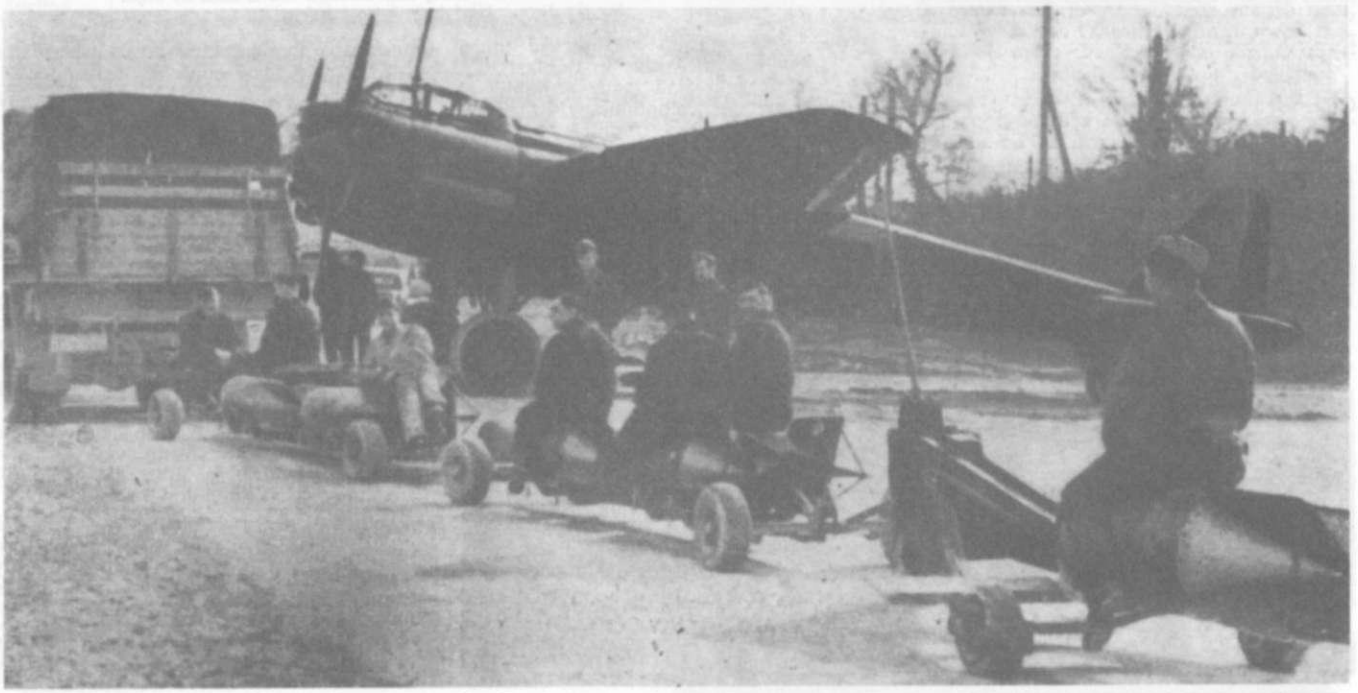
A MESSAGE FOR TODAY

By I. F. Blomfield

This is our anguish and our privilege
To live through sombre hours and shadowed days.
We own no safe and easy heritage,
We tread no pleasant paths, no sheltered ways.

Yet chosen for the greatness of this need,
We will not shirk the load—content to stand
Against the dark, steadfast in word and deed,
That justice may not perish from the land.

Of all Time's children we hold proudest place
(Called to endure, to walk with danger near),
Who, trained by life, may look into the face—
The sudden face of death, and have no fear. —*Daily Telegraph*



TRAIN OF BOMBS, on which the German ground staff rides astride, being brought up for the bomb racks of a German bomber which awaits its deadly load at an airfield in Northern France. Though heavy night raids by German bombers have inevitably resulted in considerable damage to property, the air defences of this country have improved to such an extent that the German Luftwaffe is suffering steadily increasing losses. How little the German airmen like facing our night fighters is shown by the excerpts from their broadcasts quoted in this page. *Photo, Keystone*

I WAS THERE!

We Girls are Timber Measurers

Among the varied activities of the Women's Land Army, forestry has a place in this war as in the last. This entertaining account of felling and carting timber was written by M. Bicknell, and is published by arrangement with "The Land Girl."

As I write we are sitting in the wood; it is 9.30 a.m. and we are having our "half-past nineses." At the moment we are with a gang of five fellers, and each man is sitting against a tree gnawing a pear or sucking a plum, and they are laughing and chatting in the delightful way Yorkshire people have.

The Scots pine make a beautiful picture with their long, straight red stems and dark blue-green foliage. I love the smell of the pine; I love to hear the wind in the branches—it is like the sea. It is a sad sound, each tree making its tragic fall to the ground; but I remember that without pit-props we can have no coal, and without coal our factories would be silent and munitions could not be made and our armour would not be sufficient to win the war.

This wood has many black swamps and hundreds of thousands of mosquitoes torment us. The men provide us with foul-smelling scent which is supposed to keep them away from us—but, oh dear! just a minute while I scratch, or rather tear, at my legs. I have just been advised by one of the men to scrape my legs with holly, which is recommended to take out the poison!

The fellers are usually paid by the cubic feet they fell, but the method of payment has changed with our unit, and they are paid by the running foot, i.e. for every hundred feet of timber felled and dressed they get 1s. 8d. But much has to be done to a tree before it is ready for the men sawing up pit props. First a "fall" is put in, which is a large chunk chopped from the base of the tree at the side they wish it to come down. Then they take a piece out all round, so that the tree is "teed up" upon its own base, which is a flat stool, ready for the saw. After the tree has been felled it has to be dressed or brashed out, which means the cutting off of all branches and notches. The brash is piled in long high lines each side of a broad row of felled trees; this is called a "breed," and it is usually between 30 and 40 feet wide. A gang of five men will work with about four or five breeds. This is where the feller's job ends, and the farmer comes with his horses and sniggs out the trees. "Snigg" is a Yorkshire word for dragging the trees out of the wood to the the men who saw them into props. They say "tosh" in Gloucestershire—I suppose each county has its own terms.

Our job, as timber measurers, is to be at work at 7.30 a.m. and measure fallen timber till 9.30 a.m., when we have our "half-past nineses." We begin again at 9.45 and stop at midday, when we have our dinner bags. Then we measure from 12.45 p.m. till 4.30 p.m., when it is "night" and our day's work is over.

Now that the men are paid by the running foot, we only have to measure the length of the trees, and quarter girth 20 per cent of them, i.e. measure the girth of the tree at half its length, so that we can find the average cubic capacity of timber felled.

Measuring hundreds of trees, day after day, is monotonous work, and at first the thought of doing this for the duration seemed unbearable. Of course, we do have a few sums and plenty of adding up, and after a time we have found ways of adding some variety and interest to the day's work. Sometimes we brash out a tree or two for the men, but more skill is required to put in the fall and tee up the trees ready for the saw, and it is great fun trying to do this. We have not much time for using the axe now, because we have an extra gang felling. Sometimes we have loading to do: pit props are taken to the station in a lorry and loaded into railway trucks. This can be heavy work, but it is good fun riding on top of the load and pitching the props about.

I have also had the job of "snigging." Alas! I had a young 'un, a kicker and a bolter, and she got away while I was behind unfastening the snigging hook. But isn't a bolting cart horse a grand sight! Chains flying, head high, and the lovely sound of her heavy feet beating the moorland turf. Men shouting "stop that horse," and a small timber measurer in pursuit!

LAND ARMY GIRLS "go to it" with a smile. Chopping, trimming and clearing trees, all part of their job when looking after forest land, is no work for weaklings, and these young women, though certainly of the fairer, are by no means of the weaker sex. In this page a woman timber measurer describes some of her experiences.

A large number of the Women's Land Army are now busily at work in the Forest of Dean, and some of them are here seen weighing sawn logs. *Photos, Fox*

Siftings From the News

Eire is negotiating with U.S.A. for purchase of food and arms.

Australian Spitfire Squadron is being formed in Britain.

Colchester saved during February 76 tons of kitchen waste.

From May 1 all clothes of German workers were standardized.

Pan-American Airways have constructed nine 43-ton liners.

Millions of eggs for Britain are being bought in Middle West, U.S.A.

The S.S. (Nazi Black Guards) has appealed for volunteers.

Army deserter returned his uniform to his regiment marked C.O.D.

Canada's war bill for current fiscal year is about £322,000,000.

Sokol, or Slav youth movement, is to have headquarters in London.

U.S. Red Cross aid for Britain totalled £4,000,000 to end of April.

Hitler has instituted a corporation for German crews who scuttle their ships.

Up to April 6 Mediterranean Fleet successfully convoyed 2,750,000 tons of shipping.

R.A.F. fighter pilots now carry small collapsible rubber dinghy underneath parachute.

Soldier cost £600 to kill in Great War; today £12,000 to £18,000.

New British anti-tank weapons penetrated armour of German tanks in Balkans.

U.S. intercoastal lines are to furnish 50 large cargo vessels for U.S.-Red Sea voyages.

Two thousand British pilots annually will undergo preliminary training in U.S.A.

Spitfire presented by Royal Observer Corps destroyed three M.E.'s before succumbing.

Two Swiss ships loaded at Lisbon 71,000 parcels for British prisoners of war.

In first three months of 1941, 2,264 persons were killed on roads throughout Britain.

War Department vehicles were involved in less than 6 per cent of traffic deaths.

Germans use Norwegian prisoners for removal of time bombs dropped by R.A.F.

One ton of vegetables was produced in one year on an allotment 10 yards by 30.

Free Rumanian Legion to fight with Britain is to be formed by London Committee.

New Hampshire, U.S.A., sent three X-ray units to Red Cross for hospitals in Hampshire.

Three thousand enemy officers are now interned in India.

Dutch Indies have contributed 28 bombers and 79 fighters to Allied cause.

Belgian, Dutch and Yugoslav Ministers left Moscow because diplomatic recognition was withdrawn.

German E-boats have reached Mediterranean by descending the Rhône through France.

Ottawa has joined other cities in removing Lindbergh's books from its libraries.

The Editor's Postscript

As I write, not a modern Isaiah, nor a Jeremiah, could make even a remote guess at what will have happened by the time these paragraphs are printed. Not that the Hebrew prophets ever attempted the sort of stuff attributed to Nostradamus (1555) or the trumpery vaticinations of an Old Moore . . . but watch out for the I-told-you-soers ! One of them is alleged to have foretold that a big event would happen on May 10, but he did not know that a small event (his own death by enemy action) was scheduled for the 13th.

The big event was the descent of a beast from the blue. There are some photos of Rudolf Hess, Hitler's bloody-minded associate, that closely resemble a gorilla in the occipital-frontal process. His one unbroken eyebrow spanning his gorilla brow marks the base line of a brain capable of foulness worse than any gorilla's . . . nay, it is a libel on the anthropoid to compare them.

No one episode in any war has ever been so charged with the melodramatic. No incident ever awakened greater world interest: not even Napoleon's escape from Elba. Why this mass murderer is here among us is the subject of wildest speculation. I have no theories to put forward, but I'd rather have him under lock and key in England than at large among his fellow gangsters in Naziland.

That Hess came with any kindly intentions towards us is merely incredible. There can be no change of heart in any of these black-hearted scoundrels. That his is a case of dual personality (technically "schizophrenia") like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, as one writer suggests, is not entirely unthinkable, but you are a simpleton if you believe it. And, by the way, Jekyll changed to Hyde by means of a drug, which rather rubs the point off the Marquess of Donegall's "complete explanation of Hess." Possibly his amazing visit was an effort to save his hide . . . he is all Mr. Hyde and nothing of Dr. Jekyll . . . Hitler had "put him on the spot" and he made a bold "get away"—to the one free country in Europe !

Equally—and I should like to think this probable—dissensions among the infamous group of mass murderers may have prompted his flight, hoping, when the eventual showdown of Nazism takes place, that he may be alive to exercise for his own good such influence as remains to him on his black-hearted fellow countrymen. By the time this Postscript is printed my readers will know a great deal more about the Hess episode, which may have grown in importance rather than diminished. It is far more than any nine days' wonder. It may prove one of the major happenings in the War.

It has been suggested to me by a knowledgeable Anti-Nazi German that there may have been some genuine Anti-Comintern urge in Hess's visit. Conceivably his mad Fuehrer is aiming at a Nazi-Soviet military pact which would be hateful to the German Army chiefs, and also to Hess, who may still remain a genuine National Socialist. And as the only outcome of such an alliance would be the bolshevizing of all Europe, the German generals may have induced Hess to head a movement against a mad policy that would eventually obliterate the original aims of Nazism. With Hitler discredited before his people Germany might then be willing to make such terms as would dissolve the Hitler dream of world dominion and within her own domains and certain colonial acquisitions for *lebensraum* settle down to the energetic development of National Socialist ideals. Time will show if this is anything more than a mere guess at the explanation of the mystery. But in any case this solution quite ignores our avowed aim of not ceasing the struggle until Nazism has been eliminated.

But so far as the creature himself is concerned let us remember the homely proverb: "You cannot make a silken purse out of a sow's ear." This man is no hero; yet I'm glad that the Scottish shepherd refrained from puncturing his paunch with his pitchfork, which so many of us would have dearly liked to do. He'll be of use to the cause of Freedom, whose enemy he has been since the dawn of Nazism. I think there's wit enough among our leaders to see to that. And meanwhile the frantic lies of Goebbels endeavouring to minimize the Hess affair have done more than anything we could say to discredit German propaganda in the eyes of the whole world. So far, good !

THE trend of policy of the decrepit Pétain and the dastard Darlan should remind us that France has never been a wholehearted ally of Britain—"perfidious Albion !" If we achieved a union of sorts in 1914-18 it was rather a *mariage de convenance* than deep mutual affection. British admiration of France was mainly inspired by her continental leadership in democratic ideals—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, all dishonoured by the vassals in Vichy—and her eminence in the realms of philosophy and the arts. Her catastrophic collapse and the aftermath of the Armistice have shown us how little we can now hope from her, apart from the cooperation of the patriot Frenchmen who have thrown in their lot with the gallant De Gaulle, who may yet have to help Britain—or at least to stand by—while she is forced to turn her arms in self-defence against her late Ally. An appalling thought when we recall the spirit in which we marched in September 1939.

But a France that is helping her own implacable enemy and ours to wage war upon us is no longer a disarmed and sympathetic spectator of the continuing struggle, but an active and dangerous foe. A Paris whose workshops are turning out tanks, guns, munitions, aero-engines, to batter our armies and kill our civilians is a hostile city and as deserving to be bombed as Hamburg, Brest, or Milan. Our gratitude and admiration for the Free French cooperation must not tie our hands or blind our eyes in dealing with the False French.

LORD BRIDGEMAN, new Director-General of the Home Guard, went to France in the present war as a staff officer and organized the defence of the perimeter of Dunkirk. *Photo, Planet News*

MEANWHILE, what about Syria? Today I happened to be dipping into the Letters of that amazing man Lawrence of Arabia, who away back in 1915, while still a subaltern, had a clearly conceived policy for the Near East which, had it been realized, would have changed the whole complexion of the present War. In March of that year he wrote from Cairo to D. G. Hogarth: "If Russia has Alexandretta it's all up with us in the Near East. And in any case in the next War the French will probably be under Russia's finger in Syria." It looked like that when he wrote. What mortal man could then have foreseen that it would be Germany's finger "in the next war" that would press the button in the Syria of a renegade France? In the same letter, however, Lawrence says: "*One cannot go on betting that France will always be our friend.*" How right he was !

He also foresaw that France would jockey us into accepting the mandate for Jerusalem and Palestine. "Don't touch it with a barge pole" was his far-sighted advice. Here was genuine "prophecy." And what more prophetic than his closing words in this same letter written three years before the event? "We must, I think, look for a renaissance of the Turk when he has lost Constantinople. They will be much more formidable militarily—and less so politically." It is not too much to say that when Lawrence of Arabia died as the result of a stupid motor-cycle accident twenty years later (May 1935) Britain lost one man of vision and experience—a realist whose counsel in this War would have enabled our Generals to change the whole course of events in the Near East. He was no lover of French imperialists.

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Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. June 6, 1941. S.S.